...n Bull, September 6, 1930
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JOHN BULL

No. 1264.
Vol. XLVIII.

OVER A MILLION SALE

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"I've found my final baccy and I'm seeking no further." Can *you* say that, with conviction—and a clear conscience?

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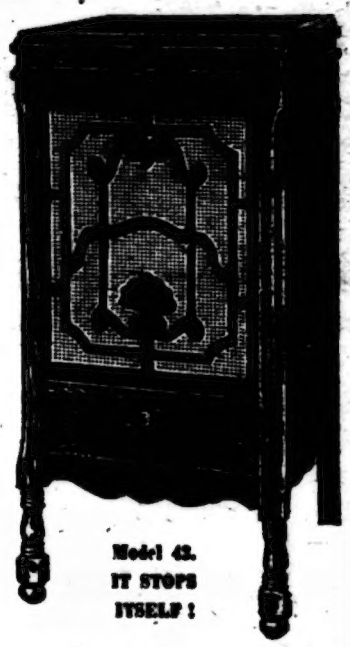

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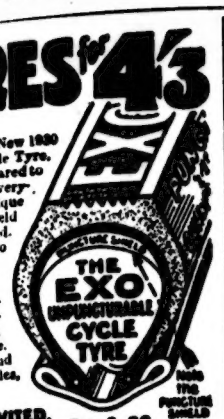

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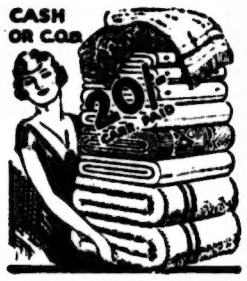

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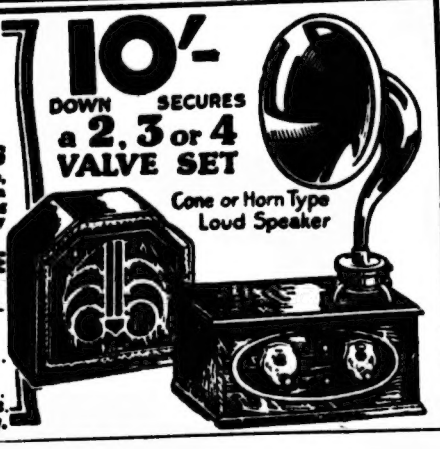

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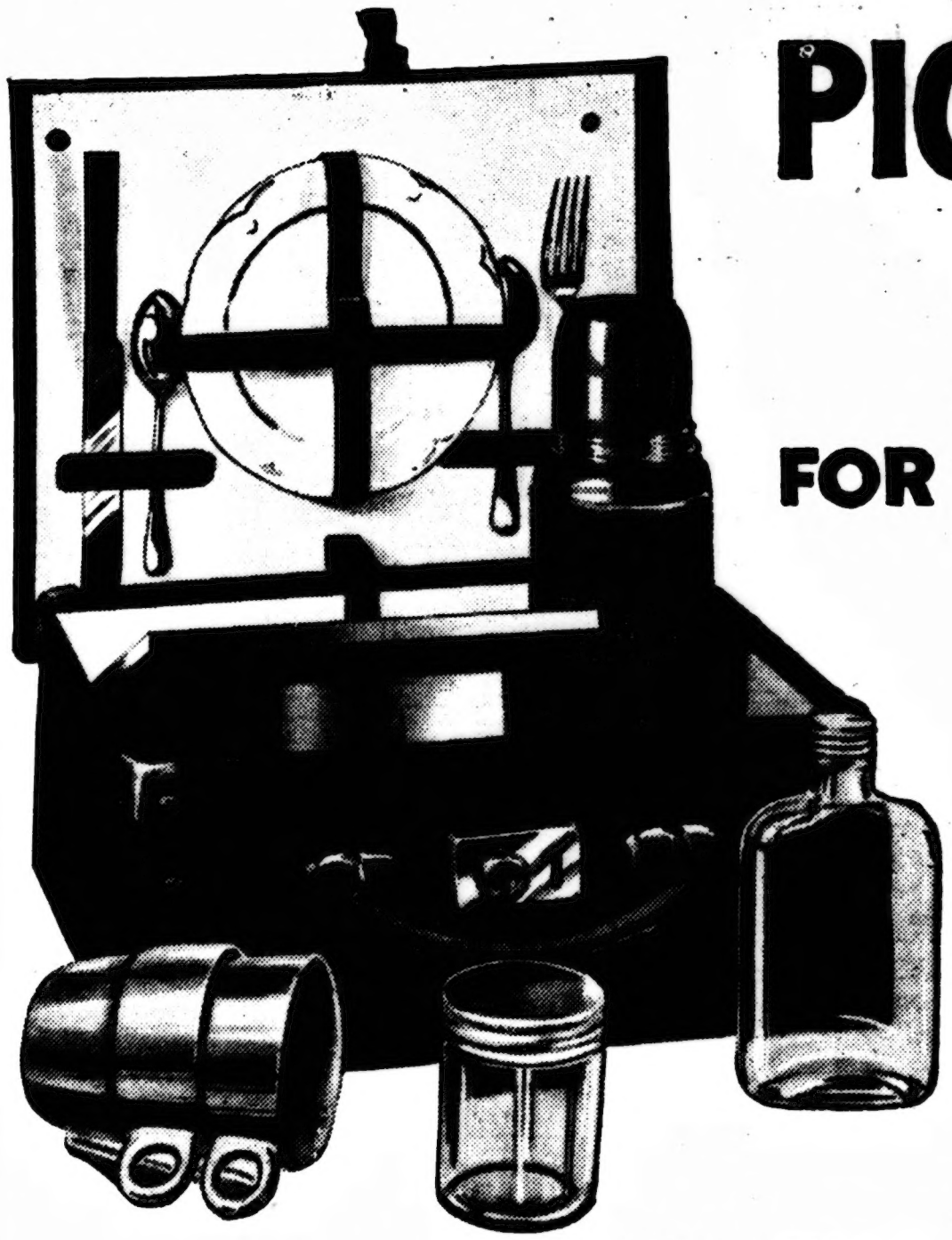

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Sept. 6, 1930. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Miss Bondfeld will talk to Dr. Stegerwald, Germany's Labour Minister

WE have better news for the miners — and Britain generally.

There are on foot two sets of official conversations that may end in the sharing of export coal markets between Britain and Germany.

The result of such an agreement would be a big increase in exports from British mines and a resultant increase in employment in the pits.

* * *

Miss Bondfield is meeting the German Minister of Labour to secure an agreement on working hours.

Mr. Graham, President of the Board of Trade, will investigate with his German counterpart whether it is possible to share the international market and thus avoid throat-cutting competition.

Those in closest touch with Mr. Graham know that he is very optimistic of success.

The loaf

A word to the Food Council. Why, when it comes to the question of bread prices, is it restricting its attention to a few special localities?

Why not tackle the general question?

* * *

Bread prices have dropped only by one-eighth of a penny a pound, or about five per cent., during the past year. But wheat prices have sunk by over thirty per cent. and flour prices by twenty.

Somebody seems to be making a very good thing out of it all—but not the housewife.

What is Mr. Graham going to do about it? The staff of life must not be used to beat the already needy into greater privation.

Oliver Twist, M.P.

Now that the Prime Minister's salary has been increased many private members are clamouring for a rise.

At the Labour Party Conference next month there will be suggestions on the score. Some favour a salary from £400 to £500 a year; some £600, and others £600 tax free.

The establishment, out of public funds, of a secretarial bureau for M.P.s who need it is also being suggested.

Coal Alliance with Germany?

M.P.s who Want a Rise

Sink those Smugglers!

The conference will be asked whether an M.P. should hold two jobs, and there is a demand that paid trade union officials shall vacate their posts on being elected to Parliament.

Millions for work

Work schemes approved by the Government already involve 122 millions of money, and it will be found that an additional £30,000,000 expenditure will be sanctioned within the next few months.

Of the former vast sum forty-four millions will be devoted to roads, twenty-seven to railway, docks, water, electricity and gas schemes, forty-two to the work schemes of local authorities, and seven to colonial development proposals.

The years roll by

A year ago JOHN BULL exposed the fact that big quantities of brandy, liqueurs, perfumes and silk were being smuggled into this country from fishing boats and yachts at isolated spots on the South Coast.

It still goes merrily on. There is proof of such smuggling at the Isle of Wight, Selsey, Sussex, Southampton and Poole.

Perhaps by this time next year we shall be able to report that the evil has been stopped. Perhaps—

Get this, Uncle Sam!

Imperial Airways continues to be the butt of the tame statisticians who jeer at its necessarily small establishment and disregard its magnificent annual performance.

American commercial aeroplanes number 619. In 1929 they flew 32,700 miles each. German machines in 1928 averaged 31,700 miles and French 18,000 miles.

British merchant machines may be few, but they averaged 68,200 miles each—more than double the mileage of our nearest rival.

For efficiency and economy Imperial Airways is the finest aircraft company in the world.

A sorry stampede

We trust that there will soon be devised a better system of engaging casual labour than that now prevailing at the Royal Albert Dock.

To see the unemployed fighting for tickets, and trampling on each other in the struggle, is to despair of Christian England

Do the people in power realise what unemployment means?

From the wilderness

Several sad ex-Ministers of the last Government who failed to hold their seats at the General Election are again on the prowl.

The death of Commodore Douglas King leaves a vacancy in South Paddington, a seat that every aspiring Tory views with tender eyes, for there has not been a fight in the constituency since 1923.

Sir Thomas Inskip, Attorney-General in the last Government, may be given the opportunity of again trying his luck, but as much of the security of South Paddington was due to the late commodore's personal popularity, a walk-over need not be anticipated.

It takes time

General Hertzog, the Premier of the Union of South Africa, who has paid a home call on Mr. MacDonald at Lossiemouth, was once an inveterate enemy of Great Britain and the Imperial idea.

An enemy once, but now—

He stood apart during the Great War while Botha and Smuts were fighting Imperial battles in Africa.

It would be stupid to say that he has since become an ardent Imperialist at the expense of his high Afrikander patriotism.

But he is a Statesman mellowed by experience and hard work.

Some men take a long time to make friends, but when they do——!

The monster

More will be heard of H.M.S. *Codrington*, the Royal Navy's latest warship.

With a speed of over 40 knots, she is the world's fastest seagoing vessel, and capable of something like a thousand land miles a day.

It is not generally known that the immense potentialities of this vessel played an important role in the recent Naval Disarmament Conference.

Owing to her amazing speed she is capable alone of almost as much effective work as two ships of older type.

Straight shot!

This Association Football season promises to be one of great surprises, with many changes of form in famous and in rising teams.

JOHN BULL has taken occasion to secure the services of an expert unrivalled in experience and ability, who will faithfully give sound forecasts of the League games—(see page 28).

Tied up with this is a special code to appear on Saturdays in the *Daily Herald* and the *Sporting Life*, dealing with important changes in form. Watch the new idea.

Sense and census

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health, proposes to reserve for ex-Servicemen the bulk of the 35,000 temporary jobs in connection with the taking of the next census.

Such jobs will not be of long duration, but they will put a few useful pounds into 30,000 needy pockets.

Moreover, the men will be picked from the clerical class, which has not been catered for in relief schemes.

One bright spot

British banking interests, which have been so hard on many branches of industry, are directing their golden smile on the aeroplane manufacturers.

They have noted with approval the splendid way in which British light aeroplane makers have captured the American market.

Ninety per cent. of these 'planes are made for export, mostly to the United States, where British workmanship in this direction is regarded as unbeatable.

Borrowed plumes

No foreigner is more popular in South American countries than the Prince of Wales.

Perhaps that is why a Valparaiso tailor has the impudence to use a 1927 photograph of the Prince in an advertisement calling the attention of naval readers to his goods.

In a copy of a Valparaiso shipping journal before us, the advertiser omits to mention that the uniform shown in the photograph was made by the Prince's tailors in London.

How Germany does it

We commend to Mr. MacDonald's attention the amazingly bold methods by which the German Government proposes to put down unemployment.

The whole machinery of State, including the railways, the Ministries of Posts and Public Works, is being harnessed for this purpose.

It is estimated that within a few weeks half a million men who are now unemployed will be at work again.

Productive schemes to the tune of fifty million pounds have already been sanctioned, patriotic industrialists submitting tenders quoting prices 10 per cent. below the current market.

Cost of living humbug

When is some M.P. going to challenge seriously the great cost-of-living "frame-up" of the Board of Trade.

We are now told that the housewife's daily bill is down a few points, but we can assure the mandarins of Whitehall that the weary woman with the market-basket hasn't noticed it.

* * *

Some people are paying rents two hundred per cent. above those of 1914. Tobacco, beer and other real necessities are double and treble the 1914 prices.

Whitehall should cease to issue "dope" with a Labour Government in power.

"If You See It—"

continued

The men who know

The Minister of Transport will have a ticklish job in selecting the twelve right men for the posts of Road Commissioners under the new Traffic Act.

The jobs themselves will not be exactly beds of roses for the commissioners either, for their duties will bring them up against strong interests radically opposed to the new and drastic control of road traffic.

There is no lack of applicants, but the right men must be found. We suggest there is splendid talent among provincial police officials.

Skinning the poor

Nothing meaner has met our notice than the docking of Unemployment pay when the sufferer has won a prize in a crossword competition.

This is monstrous. Rich people do not return their casual gambling wins as income, though they may amount to thousands.

But a poor man who scores in a trial of skill is penalised for it. This is dastardly.

The bank's big stick

Sir Otto Niemeyer, emissary of the Bank of England, has not spared the rod in advising the Federal and State Governments on the economic and financial condition of Australia.

He has not spared the rod

Even if he has succeeded in persuading Australian statesmen to economise he has left behind a very unpleasant impression.

His tilt at Australia's "natural optimism" and his insistence on the need for a lower standard of life were coldly received. In some quarters, indeed, he is being spoken of as an advocate of coolie labour.

We hope that the cordiality of Mr. Scullin's welcome to the Imperial Conference will salve these hurt feelings in the Commonwealth.

Sweet to the ear

One of the biggest chocolate firms in Britain has had a bigger output during the past few months than ever before in its long history.

Overtime has been worked and men who were threatened with dismissal earlier in the year have been kept in secure employment.

Enterprise in the development of "new lines," linked with courageous advertising campaigns, has persuaded the home public to eat more chocolate, and large quantities are being exported abroad, where new and novel flavours have won great favour.

This, industrially as well as domestically, is the stuff to give them!

Careers "in the air"

The Air Ministry announces that, in exceptional circumstances, officers of the General Duties Branch—flying officers—may apply for employment in the stores branch.

It is hard to see why only "exceptional circumstances" should qualify a flying officer for the privileges of a life career in the Royal Air Force.

The scandal of the "short-service" flying commission which takes the best years of a young man's life and throws him into unemployment at an awkward age is no credit to the Air Ministry.

These youngsters risk life and limb—some of them lose. Then the scrap-heap for those who survive.

Two old games

The football season brings with it the usual crop of mushroom "bookies" who are now busy circularising the country with invitations to bet with them.

Most of these circularising concerns are "duds," and we repeat our annual warning that intending speculators on football should be wary of their blandishments.

A live wire

The Postmaster-General proposes to give a fillip to the timber industry in England and Scotland during the coming winter.

He has decided to make a large purchase of telegraph-poles for impending development work, and to stipulate that they must be made from home-grown Scots firs.

They are to be felled this winter and delivered to the P.O. next summer.

Jig-saw justice

It is difficult to understand the logic of the Taunton Bench. Among the cases which their worships had to consider recently was one in which an old-age pensioner was summoned for causing unnecessary suffering to a cat by beating it to death with a walking-stick.

At the same sitting a Walthamstow motor-cyclist was summoned for driving a motor-cycle without an efficient silencer.

The noisy motor-cyclist was fined £2. But what did the justice-dispensers do to the cat-killer? They fined him 10s.!

Shell-back egg farmers

The operation of the egg-marking scheme instituted by the Board of Agriculture has proved that there are still far too many stick-in-the-muds among the British producers.

The guarantee of size and freshness implied by the mark has increased the demand and raised the price paid to the producers. Yet the whole effort is threatened with failure because of the number who lack the intelligence to profit by it.

The Government is justified in its proposal to use compulsion over minorities which will not co-operate.

Dustbin homes

What has become of the much-advertised Housing Bill, and when can the hundreds of thousands of people now living in rat-ridden cellars dignified by the name of basements hope for relief?

A few sticks of furniture put in these area lumber-rooms enable the owners to charge as much as £2 5s. a week for the doubtful pleasure of life amid evil-smelling surroundings.

* * *

The rent roll of these cellar-homes in London alone must be at least £3,000,000 a year.

The footpad is not such a bad fellow, after all.

Keep your shillings!

Here is the latest stunt for those blessed with more money than sense.

I.C.A. (Insurance Claim Advisers), of 35, Over Street, Brighton, will advise you as to whether *your accident* is covered by your newspaper insurance for the trifling sum of 1s. per annum.

They promise very little. And they get your shilling—perhaps.

Must help themselves

JOHN BULL is aware that Miss Bondfield would take active steps to set up a Trade Board to protect the hours and wages of shop assistants if the latter would muster sufficient self-confidence to ask for it.

Mr. J. R. Leslie, union secretary, could assist

But while one of the unions catering for shop assistants would like it done, the other is opposed to it.

The result is that nothing is being done, though the conditions under which thousands work is scandalous.

Good fortune helps only those who help themselves—even shop assistants.

A fishy tale

Fishing's a great sport.

The ratepayers of Lancashire, Cheshire, Flintshire, Derbyshire, Carnarvonshire, Anglesey, Merioneth, and Cardigan pay a rate of one-twelfth of a penny in the pound to send out a fleet of five boats to keep in touch with the shoals and advise the fishing fleets.

Splendid! But only one out of five is up to date. And that one—the *James Fletcher*—is very busy taking privileged citizens of Preston on joy trips and providing them with fresh fish.

We should like to know how this is worked, and why, and when there is to be any return for that one-twelfth rate.

Lucky sea dogs

The Navy, unlike the Army, is experiencing no difficulty in getting all the recruits it needs.

A large proportion of its personnel these days must have engineering knowledge, and the slackness prevailing in the trade has induced many young fellows with mechanical inclinations to enlist in the Senior Service.

Naval pay and pension prospects are superior to those of the Army. Jack certainly makes the men in khaki feel blue.

That war echo

We would hasten to remove any misapprehension which may have been caused by our criticism some weeks ago of the cruel treatment which successive Governments for ten years have shown to civilians who suffered damage from bomb and submarine during the war.

Germany has paid £44,000,000 compensation for them, but the Treasury has confiscated the whole amount except for £5,000,000.

* * *

An impression may have been given by our comments that Mr. Winston Churchill was the first Minister responsible for depriving the sufferers of the money paid for them.

Everyone knows, of course, that the initiative was taken by the Coalition Government five years before Mr. Churchill went to the Treasury.

Caught

We have considerable satisfaction in knowing that at last "Major" Geoffrey Bradford Wilmer is laid by the heels.

When "Lady Dorothy Scott" attempted suicide, JOHN BULL alone revealed the fact that her downfall was due to this scoundrel: Geoffrey Wilmot, alias Wilmer.

On that occasion we styled him "the worst man in society," and we were right.

And now he takes his punishment whining. It is a pitiable affair.

Now then, Manchester

Manchester must clean up its gangs of hooligans who do not hesitate to attack and brutally assault the police when they have made sure that safety in numbers is on their side.

Constables Jennings and Maurice attempted to move on a gang of gamblers and were immediately attacked by a crowd of 200, beaten, bruised and left helpless on the pavement.

Sheffield once suffered from this evil, but it was most effectively wiped out. Manchester must adopt similar protective measures before the roughs get even more out of hand.

Not from "John Bull"

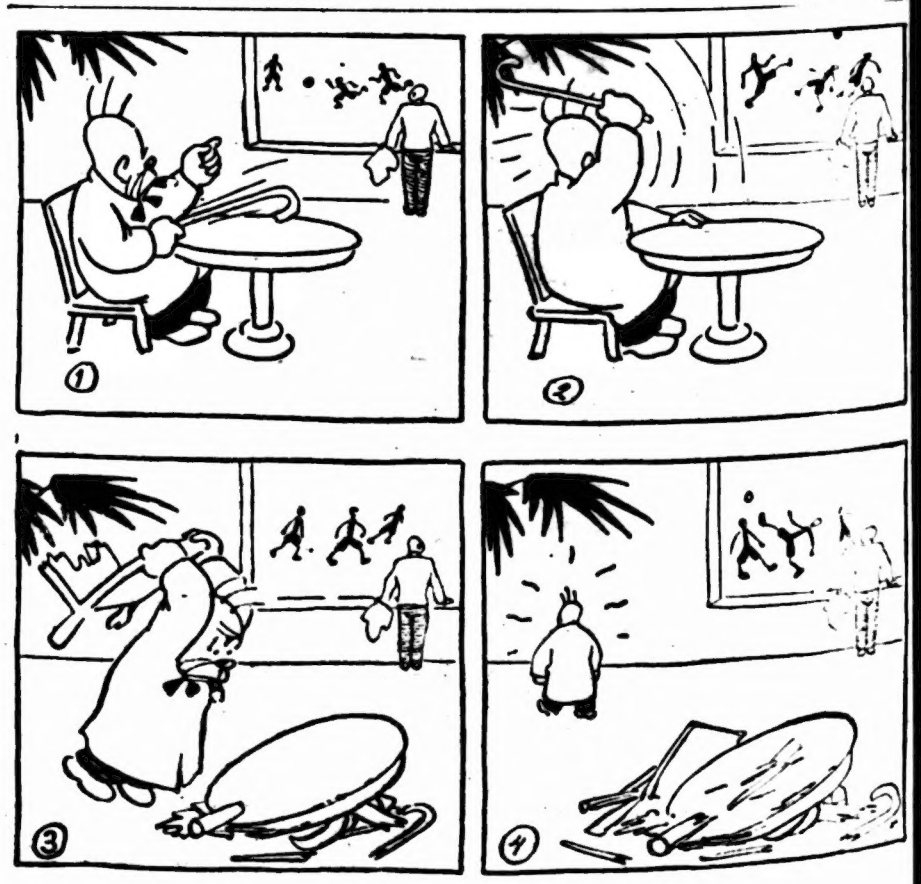
Readers are warned against a plausible scoundrel who says he is a photographic representative of JOHN BULL and is prepared to make enlargements from snaps.

His promise to give registered readers of the paper four prints for nothing is merely ground-bait, and he has valsed off with many shillings.

This fellow calls himself Wright at present: but he may change that.

We wish to assure our readers that no such person has any authority from JOHN BULL. If he calls, detain him and send for the police.

ADAMSON— —Who Won?



BRITISH MUSEUM 8 30 OCT

LIFE'S Big Secret

By Professor Julian Huxley

"Science is piercing the great unknown"

THERE are so many things that Science knows she doesn't know that it is a little hard to select from them. There are all the things which she has not even begun to think about because they are still wholly outside her ken.

She didn't know about electric currents, for instance, before electric currents had been discovered, nor about the composition of the atom before she was certain that atoms existed, nor about the rate of evolution in days when it was supposed that the world was created, all complete, in 4000 B.C.

For we must remember that science in any organised form is a very recent product of the human mind, scarcely more than three centuries old. Man of our own species only dates back about 100,000 years.

Yet there is every reason to look forward to hundreds of millions of years for the future of the human race.

If organised science in a few centuries has accomplished so much, we can look forward to her penetrating new regions of reality, making discoveries undreamt of to-day, in the millions of years ahead.

We have not yet found the key to unlock the forces of the atom.

If we could but once discover how to tap these sources of energy—without blowing up our planet!—we should have power at our command which would make the whole of the world's coal and petrol look foolish.

SCIENCE would like to know a good deal more about the origin of the Universe than she is, alas! ever likely to. For it would help her in what is, I suppose, the greatest task before her on the biological side—the manufacture of living matter out of non-living matter in the laboratory.

Undoubtedly, this will be a matter of centuries, but we have already made considerable progress.

Up till 100 years ago, it was supposed that the chemist could never manufacture any substance found in animal or plant bodies because they had some mysterious "vital force" at their command.

To-day, hundreds of such substances have been artificially made.

Life once having begun, it evolved. And there are still many facts science does not know about evolution.

What caused some stocks of animals and plants to develop to a high pitch, then to go downhill and finally become extinct?

Was it a change of climate that made the great reptiles disappear, or was it competition from new rivals, or is there an inherent weakness that may develop in the race after a certain number of millions of years?

More practical is the problem of how to mould evolution at will.

Recently Professor Muller, of Texas, has discovered how to speed up the process of evolution. By means of X-rays in proper dosage he can get as many new variations in a week as would take Nature to produce in a year.

BUT the majority of these artificially produced variations are still useless or harmful.

What science would like to find is a way of producing more favourable and fewer unfavourable variations.

If she could do this, the improvement of domestic animals and plants could go on much faster and the improvement of the human race would come into the range of practical and urgent politics.

Another thing which biological science does not know is how to control sex, although she is a great deal nearer to it than a mere twenty-five years ago. For we now, at least, know how sex is determined in nature.

CAN science tear aside the veil which screens the secrets of life?

The British Association, representing the world's greatest and most humane scientists, meets at Bristol this week.

What do they really know? "John Bull" put this question to Julian Huxley, the brilliant grandson of the famous old Englishman of that name who made history in science.

This is the answer.

In man, and almost all higher animals, sex is determined by the formation in equal numbers of two classes of male reproductive cells or sperms.

One kind, if it fertilise a female reproductive cell or ovum, will cause the resulting embryo to develop into a male, the other kind will cause it to become a female.

If any method could be found of separating the two classes of sperms and then using them for artificial fertilisation, we should have sex under our control.

But sperms are very microscopic objects, and the difference between the two sorts is very slight; and science has not yet discovered the final, practical, step necessary for translating knowledge into control.

What controls the differing growth of different regions of the body, and especially what makes growth stop when it does?

For the lower animals, like oysters, or crabs, or fish, go on growing as long as they live, and it is only the higher creatures, like insects, birds or mammals, which have a limit to growth and consequenly a fixed adult size. But what determines this we have as yet scarcely an inkling.

WE have an inkling, but no more, of the reverse problem—the problem of why tissues which ought to have stopped growing or ought to grow slowly and orderly, suddenly embark on a wild career of unregulated growth, *as a cancer*.

We know that X-rays, certain kinds of irritation and certain chemical substances can produce cancers, and that cancer-cells use the food substances in the blood in a different way from normal cells, but almost there we stop.

Probably some discovery concerning abnormal growth will eventually give us the clue to this.

But the most important thing which science does not yet know is the exact relation between mind and body.

Here again we have made great progress in the last century. We know that mental processes are dependent on the brain; we know something about nerve processes in the brain, and how some parts of it are concerned primarily with sensation, others with movement, others with reasoning and so forth.

We know that ductless glands and all the subtle chemistry of the blood influence the mind—a child with an inadequate thyroid gland cannot develop a normal mind—so that mind and body are one in a way much more intimate than used to be imagined.

But of the precise relation of material and mental we are ignorant, and shall continue to be ignorant, so far as one can see, until some method is devised for measuring or detecting the processes of the mind as the physicist can detect the activities of matter.

The only promising avenue of approach at the moment seems to be the study of telepathy—the influence of one mind directly upon another.

Though the bare fact of telepathy seems to be established as probable, it has not been established in the same firm way as have physical facts like the conduction of electricity, and its nature and the conditions under which it operates have never been studied in the slow, dispassionate way needed for scientific advance.

IF people believe themselves to have the power of telepathy strongly marked, they ought to allow themselves to be properly investigated, resigning themselves for the nonce to the humble but very necessary role of experimental material or laboratory animals.

The best body to communicate with in such a case is the Society of Psychical Research, 31, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

The sciences of lifeless matter, physics and chemistry have nothing to say on the subject of mind. Biology can tell us something about its evolution, psychology something about the manifestations of its working.

But about its nature and the essence of its activities we are about as ignorant as were physicists about electricity when all they knew of the subject was that glass or amber, when rubbed, would attract bits of paper or cloth.

We can guess something of the nature of the mind is bound up with the workings of all matter—that "mind" and "matter" are two aspects of the single more ultimate reality.

And we can be sure that, if we ever penetrated deeply into the nature of mind, we should achieve as startling results as have the scientists who have, during the last century, penetrated into the nature of electricity.

But for the moment the great riddle is almost as far from solution as ever.

There are plenty of other subjects on which science is ignorant. How do animals find their way, especially birds migrating for the first time?

ARE the continents fixed, or do they sometimes, as Wegener believes, slowly drift over the face of the globe?

Why do you get sunstroke if you go out without a sun-hat in tropical Africa, but not in tropical America?

How is it that isolation, for instance, on an island usually causes an animal or a plant to evolve into a new race or species?

In which continent did man originate? . . .

So one could go on; but I have said enough to show that science is much more concerned with piercing the great unknown than with looking backwards at the facts she has already picked up.

If properly directed, scientific research is bound to continue its career of discovery upon which the progress of our race ultimately depends.

David MacBaldwin, Ltd.?

Bravo the Brasshats!—More Coastguards, Please—Hands Off British Tourists!

Rt. Hon. RAMSAY MACDONALD,
10, Downing Street

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I see you are taking counsel with Lloyd George about the nation's greatest problem—unemployment.

Many hopes have been expressed that Mr. Baldwin might be invited to assist.

It is also true that the nation would gladly see an effort to find a remedy even though it involved some political concessions.

Mr. Baldwin's medicine may not be the right one, but it could do no harm to consider his ideas.

Coalition is quite another matter, but it must be remembered that our condition is still as grave as it was, in some respects, immediately after the war.

I should like to see all three of you smiling—on this subject.

JOHN BULL.

The FIREMEN,
Hendon and Mill Hill

GENTLEMEN,—All England is proud of your heroic and successful efforts to stop the terrific fire at the Titanine Dope Factory, Sheaves Hill Avenue, Colindale, London, N.W., from spreading to a building containing nitroglycerine.

If that catastrophe had not been averted, the loss in life and property might have been appalling. And you worked, as you do so often, with your lives in your hands.

One of you carried a jar of blazing explosive and regarded it as all in the day's work.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOSEPH WRIGHT,
Pierremont Gardens, Darlington

SIR,—I am heartily glad that you were fined £50 with £10 costs for bribing an employee of Messrs. Richard Johnson and Nephew, Ltd., of Bradford, Manchester, to disclose a secret trade process.

My one regret is that you got off with a fine.

For this practice, which is widespread though seldom discovered, is one of the meanest kinds of robbery.

I trust that the next fellow of your kind who is caught will go to jail.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. WILLIAM GRAHAM,
President of the Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—I trust you will take note of the finding of the jury at the inquest on the six victims of the wrecked yacht *Islander*. There can be no doubt that these lives might have been saved if the coast were properly patrolled.

And if human life does not count, there is every material incentive to maintain an efficient Coastguard service. For in many parts of the coast there is a riot of smuggling.

The old Admiralty Coastguard consisted of well over 2,000 men. The present service numbers only 845. Either humanity or regard for the revenue should spur you to immediate action.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. DRISCOLL,
Cardiff

DEAR MRS. DRISCOLL,—I was shocked to hear that you are in such dire straits.

You are a dear old lady with all Ireland in your sweet brogue, and you don't look your seventy years for all your desperate struggle. But that the old mother of the great-hearted boxer should be in want is tragic indeed.

I trust that the fund for you started by the Welsh National Sporting Association and already supported by Lord Lonsdale, will bring comfort to your declining years.

JOHN BULL.

The Earl of DERBY,
"Sea Lion" Sail Training Ship Society

DEAR LORD DERBY,—When I congratulated you upon the establishment of the *Sea Lion* as a training ship for mercantile marine officers, I little thought that within a short time it would be necessary for your Honorary Secretary to be instructed "to invite financial assistance" in the columns of the Press.

Is it really necessary?

I should have thought that, even if you cannot get a Government grant, the big shipping companies could afford you all the financial assistance you may need.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. TOOLE, M.P.,
Corporation Street, Manchester

DEAR JOSEPH,—It is plucky of a Labour M.P. to state so frankly that, in your visit to Russia, you were disgusted equally by the want, the squalor, and the tyranny.

But you ought to be clear in your mind how much of that is characteristically Russian and how much of it is Bolshevik.

And will you admit that what is not characteristic of Russia is characteristic of a certain brand of Socialism? Not the squalor and want, but the tyranny!

JOHN BULL.

M. BRIAND,
Paris

DEAR SENIOR STATESMAN,—We English still regard you as the representative Frenchman, and we know that you keenly desire cordial relations between your country and ours. Surely never was that more necessary than now.

And the recent "interchange" of statues—one of Foch erected in England, and one of Haig in France—is a sign of mutual good will.

But that good will in England will not survive the pin-pricks of viciously severe sentences passed in French courts on English tourists for quite trivial offences. Understrappers are at fault.

Before now, you know, understrappers have wrecked the peace of the world.

JOHN BULL.

Colonel WEDGWOOD BENN,
India Office, London

DEAR SIR,—It is very necessary that you should tell the British public exactly what is happening in India.

We must know what are the true dimensions of the disorder, and *what is being done to suppress it*.

The postponement till next April of the Round Table Conference is being considered, and that is wise.

No reforms should be considered until, by drastic action, the revolutionists have been defeated.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN ANTHONY LISTER,
c/o Q.M.S. Lister, R.A.S.C.

DEAR JOHNNY,—I like to think of you as the boy who didn't run away. All the others did when a little nipper of five fell into a tank.

But you, a sturdy Wolf Cub, went in after him and pulled him out.

Well might they parade four hundred officers and men of the Bulford garrison to see you presented by a Brigadier-General with the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal, for you are an example to them all, though you are only nine!

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. GEO. LANSBURY: "Only by following the best traditions of sport can nations live."

We mustn't make a business of sport or a sport of business.

* * *

MR. J. H. THOMAS: "There is an inevitable tendency to-day to look to the State to provide remedies for the nation's ills."

And for more and more people to think that the others ought to feed them.

* * *

SIR ALEXANDER CLEGG: "Industry is passing through a strenuous time, production exceeding consumption."

Then what is needed is more up-to-date selling organisation.

Not from the B.B.C.—**Dr. Alice Hutchinson** *gives the order: "Cease Smiling!"*

MARRIAGES MADE in the NURSERY

I'M Dr. Alice Hutchinson—
Don't smile!
Restrain your crude hilarity
A while.
And eggs I teach you how to suck
In style.

On parenthood and marriage I'll lay down
The law;
With many a maxim, many a text
And saw;
Provided always that you don't
Guffaw.

My lectures psychological should not
Be missed.
Of do's and don'ts for mothers I've prepared
A list—
But all in vain unless you will from mirth
Desist!

Unfortunately some people have a peculiar sense of humour.

This applies even to the high-domed students of the British Social Hygiene Council Summer School; for when I told them that preparation for marriage should begin in the nursery, I was forced to add: "Don't laugh; I mean it."

I really cannot imagine why psychologists, when they tell married people the facts about marriage and instruct parents in the art of parenthood, are so often mistaken for competitors with Mr. George Robey.

Especially is this so when the learned lecturers are spinsters or bachelors.

The truth is that this country is not educated up to psychologists, who, thoughtless people assert, tell us what everybody knows in language nobody understands.

It is absurd to suggest that because people managed to make a success of marriage and contrived to bring up children before the New Psychology was invented they have nothing to learn from us.

Already, if they have followed the reports of our Summer School lectures with becoming attention, they have learned some profound psychological truths—as, for example, that children who suck their thumbs get nowhere in adult life.

The true inwardness of thumb-sucking was one of many things which were not appreciated until we called a few illuminating hints regarding complexes and repressions; which, I am happy to say, the Press reported at length.

We held our School in August.
When there's of news a need!
And so whate'er we cared to say
The dailies doled out day by day,
That those who ran might read.

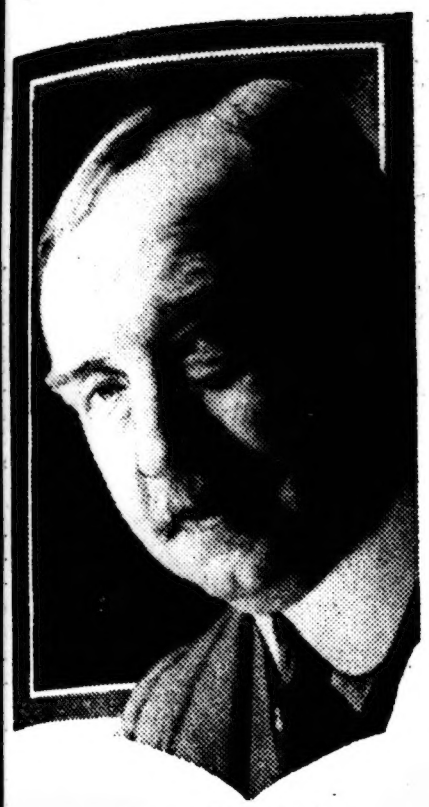
Once in the Silly Season
Newspapers filled their space
With giant gooseberries, or sausage
Sea monsters. This year, for a change,
They let us put our case.

Yet readers write announcing
"Of course, this Dr. Hutchinson is fun; but, somehow, we
Prefer the serpent of the sea—
It does not talk so much!"

MEDICINE for TWO MAD DOGS

by

A. G. GARDINER



"I would trust Henderson in a national emergency"

NEXT Wednesday the annual Assembly of the League of Nations opens at Geneva.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will not this year be able to lead the British delegation. He has two great tasks before him at home—first the Imperial Conference, and then the Round Table Conference on India, and these momentous events will leave him no leisure for League affairs

It is unfortunate, not because Mr. Arthur Henderson, who will be spokesman of Britain at Geneva, is inadequate for the work.

On the contrary, if I were asked to name the most successful member of the present Government I should have no hesitation in selecting Mr. Henderson.

He has made fewer mistakes than any of his colleagues. He has a cool head, a sound judgment, a strong will, and the rare gift of using the clever men about him to the full without becoming their tools.

I would trust Henderson, should a great national emergency arise in this country, as soon as anyone in our public life to-day.

More Madness

A plot between Russia and the German Monarchists is a new peril since Mr. Gardiner wrote this article.

The League of Nations must now deal firmly with this latest menace to the world's peace.

But he is not Prime Minister, and he cannot speak with the authority which Mr. MacDonald's position gives him, nor with the resounding eloquence that is at the command of his chief.

This is regrettable, because the time has come for plain speaking and bold leadership at Geneva.

By this I do not mean that the League has been a failure. So far from that, I believe it is the one hopeful achievement of the world since the war.

It has provided a clearing house for the terrific problems left by the war, and an open forum of discussion which has prevented Europe sinking back into the devilries of the secret diplomacy of the past.

Nothing is more morally certain than that if the League of Nations had been in existence in July, 1914, there would have been no war.

No new heaven

The League has given Europe a vehicle for mobilising public opinion that has never existed before, and a machinery for localising fire that is new in the history of human society.

The oak does not grow to its full stature in a year or in ten years, and the League is so vast and so new an experiment that we must be patient.

Italy is a culprit—Mussolini must answer

In view of the national and racial jealousies and ambitions that have choked its birth, we may regard the fact that it has survived at all as little short of a miracle.

It has still not reached maturity, but the perils of infancy are passed, and it is safe to say that its future is assured. It has become the foundation and the framework of the European system, and no power would dare suggest that it should be scrapped.

If it were scrapped to-day it would have to be refashioned to-morrow, for without it Europe would plunge into chaos.

But while acknowledging all the services that the League has done, the time has come to ask that it should quicken its pace and address itself boldly to the biggest task that lies before it.

The poison tree

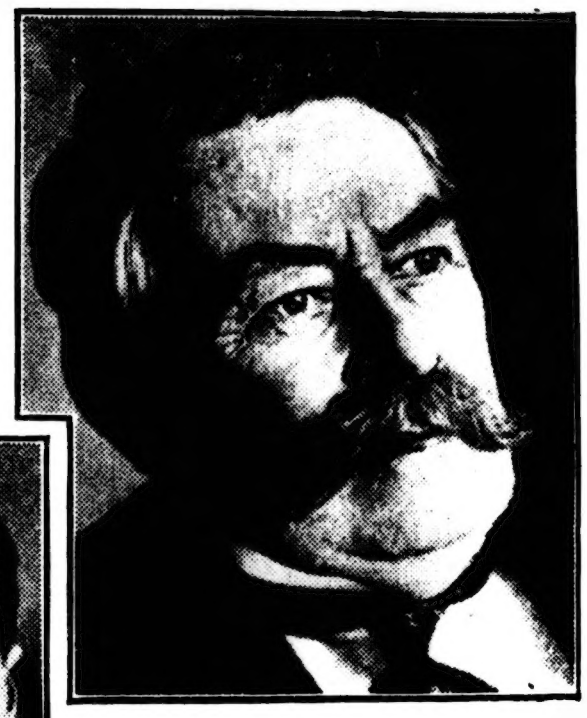
That problem is the overthrow of militarism, which still overshadows Europe like a upas tree. Until we get out of that deadly shadow there can be no security and no firmly grounded peace.

And the question that the League next week should be compelled to face and answer is why it is so helpless in dealing with this menace. For ten years it has been trying to come to grips with the disarmament question, and for ten years it has failed ignominiously.

The Preparatory Commission that was set up years ago to draft a scheme of disarmament has become a European joke.

It is like a hen that is for ever sitting on an addled egg. Nothing emerges, and there is no prospect in present conditions that if it sits for a hundred years anything will emerge. And the Assembly meets and meets year after year without taking the bull by the horns and tearing the heart out of the mystery.

What is the clue to that mystery? It is not this country. We have our Jingoes, as every country has, but the overwhelming sentiment of Britain is in favour of the extremist measures of disarmament, consistent with the policing necessities of the Empire.



Briand's red herring—United States of Europe

We have given assurance of that in the naval agreement we have come to with the United States and Japan.

Nor is the difficulty with Germany. That country has been disarmed by sea and by land for more than ten years.

It is not Japan. It is not America, first, because America is outside the League, and, second, because it is as ready to limit armaments as much by land as by sea. Still less is it the smallers Powers, which are already practically unarmed.

The wreckers

It is France and Italy alone which block the way. And of the two offenders France is much the more serious and obstinate.

She is not only more formidable in a military sense than Germany was at her maximum, but her naval ambitions are equally threatening.

It was she, together with Italy, who prevented the London Conference last winter from reaching a unanimous agreement, though, happily, she could not prevent this country coming to an agreement with the United States and Japan.

It is time that the League belled the cat. It was not done this year for two reasons. In the first place it has wisely pursued the policy of patience, hoping that the course of events would weaken Gallic obstinacy. Secondly, it has not felt strong enough to face a first-class rupture of the League.

But patience and caution have their limits, and the time must come when the League must ask France whether she is for disarmament or against, for the League or against.

The question is the more urgent now, for M. Briand has put before Europe a scheme for a so-called United States of Europe, vague and shadowy, that, without achieving disarmament, would most certainly deal a deadly blow at the League.

Expose them

It has been riddled by every one of the powers to which it has been addressed, and M. Briand and France will face the Assembly with the knowledge that Europe stands by the League and will have nothing to do with rival shows.

It is to be hoped that the Assembly will not be content with speaking its mind plainly on this subject but that it will raise the disarmament issue in such a form that if France and Italy are still obstinate the world will know who are the enemies of the League and of the peace of the world.

Homely Wisdom—

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Making Excuses

THE death of that fine old soldier, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, has recalled attention to some of the critical moments of the Great War. It is said by some authorities that by turning on the enemy and fighting the battle of Le Cateau he saved the British Army from destruction after its long retreat before overwhelmingly superior forces.

He took a great risk in doing this, for he had to act against the judgment, though not against the express orders, of his chief.

But an officer who served under Smith-Dorrien, and a friend who has known him all his life, says he was more than a good commander; he was a staunch comrade.

To quote an expression I once heard used by the Bishop of London, he was a good fellow to go tiger-hunting with, for he would not desert you to save himself.

HE was never known to try to screen himself from censure by casting blame on others. If he were responsible for any important decision, he accepted the consequences, although his subordinates might have bungled in carrying out the plan.

He would never spoil the career of a junior by making him the scapegoat of a failure of which the higher command was technically the culprit.

As we all know, this generous attitude was not shared by all the army chiefs or politicians during and after the war.

We have had a surfeit of controversy in the past ten years in the frantic endeavour of prominent men to whitewash themselves and blacken others in recounting the colossal mistakes which have cost this country untold blood.

There are many men, and women too, living out their lives on earth to-day under the shadow of a misrepresentation which they could dispel with a word, and they do not speak that word.

IT may be love, or honour, or regard for the happiness of others that keeps them silent, and the truth will not come out until the great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Does it matter? Not as much as is commonly thought. What a man is in himself has a way of making itself felt in the circles where he is personally known, and beyond that circle the world's judgment counts for very little.

As the wise Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, wrote in his "Meditations": "Think who these are that judge thee, and what manner of judges they are of themselves."

Be slow to make excuses for yourself when the tide of fortune is running against you; be slower still to dodge unpleasantness by making another bear the brunt of it.

Better suffer unjustly than sell your soul.

THE stricken man had to appear before Judge Hargreaves without his medical witnesses or a solicitor

A VITAL report held by Dr. Alfred Salter, M.P., could not be admitted in evidence

THE LAW *Smashes* A MAIMED MAN

A PITIABLE spectacle might have been seen a few days ago in an East London street.

It was that of a man of tall and powerful build being almost carried by neighbours from his home to an ambulance van waiting to remove him to hospital.

The man, Mr. William Bidwell, was in great agony. His frame was contorted with pain.

A doctor had ordered his removal because of an old spinal injury.

At the gateway of the home in Carlton Road, Manor Park, from which he was being taken stood his wife and the family of which he was once the breadwinner.

For nearly three years they have been at the door of starvation, and are now subsisting only on what measure of relief can be obtained from the poor law authorities.

Broken

They and Mr. Bidwell are the victims of a most deplorable case under the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

They are tied to destitution by bonds of legal red tape.

Until he met with the accident which disabled him almost four years ago, Mr. Bidwell, except for an appendicitis operation in boyhood, had never been ill for a day.

He came to this country from Australia sixteen years ago, and since then had been a tally clerk.

One day in March, 1927, he was on duty at the Royal Albert Dock, and to reach a barge about to discharge he had to climb down the side of a ship.

The rope-ladder gave way on the descent, and Mr. Bidwell fell backwards for sixteen feet into the barge and struck an iron girder.

No trace of injury, beyond bruising of the back, was found at two hospitals, where he was detained for four months after the accident. He was certified at one as having been "severely shaken," and at the other as suffering from neurasthenia.

Then Mr. Bidwell was transferred to the London Hospital, and examination there revealed that there had been crushing and fracture of the spine in two places.

A tremendous weight of medical evidence has been produced against him on behalf of his former employers on each occasion compensation has been sought in the courts.

It must be accepted from that evidence that the spinal fracture has now healed. But he is still terribly tortured, completely incapacitated, and, while lying helpless watching the sufferings of his family in want, has become virtually a total physical wreck. In three and a half years Mr. Bidwell has been in eight hospitals, and has never been out of one for a longer period than nine weeks.

He is back in a surgical ward again, and his condition is worse than ever.

For ten months after the accident Mr. Bidwell was paid compensation at the rate of thirty shillings weekly, but an application was then made at Bow County Court that his employers should be exempt from further liability.

All Mr. Bidwell's savings had been exhausted in the meantime, and, in his penniless state, we think he should have sought legal help in opposing the employers' claim from the Transport and General Workers' Union, of which he was a member.

A lone hand

Instead he preferred to consult a solicitor privately. A guarantee was required to meet the cost of bringing expert medical witnesses to court on his behalf, and Mr. Bidwell could not, of course, provide the money.

The poor fellow had, therefore, to appear in court unrepresented and without a witness to oppose counsel and an array of medical evidence for the other side.

The pity of it all was that, if he could have met the expense, there was an abundance of first-class expert evidence available to Mr. Bidwell.

In the circumstances, however, Judge Hargreaves had no option but to find for the employers, and from that moment compensation ceased.

Late in the day Mr. Bidwell did go to his trade union, but the position then was legally hopeless. Mr. Ernest Bevin, the general secretary, gave his personal attention to the case, and his efforts overcame immense difficulties.

The case was reopened before Deputy-Judge Lailey, but the legal difficulty was that, to obtain a verdict for Mr. Bidwell, new circumstances had to be proved a having developed since the first hearing.

There were none. The position was tha Mr. Bidwell was suffering, disabled an unable to work, jus as he had been on th previous occasion.

Dr. Alfred Salter M.P. for West Ber mondsey, gave evidence for Mr. Bid well, and offered t put before the cour a report on th case prepared by an eminent Londo specialist on afflictions of the spine.

For technical reasons, the report wa held to be inadmissible in evidence.

This was most unfortunate for M Bidwell, as we can now reveal that thi authority declared in his report:

"In his present condition it i physically impossible for him to do hi ordinary work; in fact I do not believ that he is ever likely again to do so."

So "changed circumstances" could not be proved, and Mr. Bidwell los and found himself liable for abou £100 in respect of his former em ployers' legal costs.

Several times since then Mr. Bidwel has asked to have the case reviewed but on each occasion the employer have used the weapon of the unpai costs against him.

How can he?

Far from being able to pay £100 o costs, Mr. Bidwell's family are so re duced that they have often to wonde where their next meal will come from

A grotesque legal position prevent the case from ever being heard again

It is that Mr. Bidwell must hav tried to find or follow work of som kind and been refused or dismissed be cause of his infirmity.

How should a bed-ridden man, wh for years has only been able to ge about for a few hours at a time, pro ceed to find a prospective employer?

The law does not explain this.

BIG NAMES Exploited

in Cigarette Coupon Frauds

THE names of several well-known tobacco firms have been impudently exploited by a swindler named A. W. Field, who has lately been advertising extensively in various newspapers under the headings "Personal" and "Readers' Private Bargains."

In one such advertisement he announced that he had over 3,000 Summit and Ardath prize coupons for disposal at 4s. per 100, while in another instance he offered 2,500 Black Cat coupons at 2s. 6d. per hundred.

He invited applicants to send cash with order to 6, Station Road, Southwick, Sussex, but allayed all suspicion by suggesting that callers would be welcomed, too.

An East London reader, who accepted the offer as a genuine one, sent £1 1s. receiving a printed form by return of post.

No mention was made of the coupons, however, so after a day or two had elapsed the applicant sent a letter of reminder. To his consternation it was returned to him by the postal authorities, bearing the sorry inscription "Not to be found."

A similar experience befell another of our readers, except that he did not even get a receipt for his money.

Meanwhile, numerous complaints have reached the police, who believe Field to be identical with a man who has offered similar postal bargains from addresses in Hastings and Brighton.

Field, we find, has advertised widely in several London papers, and when one of our readers lodged a protest he could gain no satisfaction. The advertisement had apparently been accepted without any previous inquiry.

Far too many advertisements of this character creep into the columns of reputable journals, in spite of frequent warnings from the Advertising Association. Advertisement managers should be on their guard.

MEET MISS X

WOMEN are rapidly invading every field, and in a certain "Miss X, of Chester Street Bradford," we have a unique lady tipster.

According to her advertisements which appear with regularity, she is the lady secretary to an influential racing man in the North of England who would like to add to her income by passing on to a few sportsmen some of the information acquired in the course of her duties.

She does not seem to think that there is anything unsportsmanlike in the obvious breach of trust indicated by her offer, which is enlarged upon in follow-up letters.

Most people would wonder why she does not take advantage of the inside information herself, but she anticipates them by "explaining" that her limited salary will not permit her to risk more than 10s. a week.

We would point out, however, that she spends considerably more than this on advertising for "sportsmen," who would be mugs indeed to fall in with her invitation to send her £1.

In her letters she reveals herself as "Georgina O'Connell."

Oh, Georgina!

AN IMPUDENT *Insurance* Scheme

Sir Henry Jerningham is not a willing bait, surely?

THIS is a caution to JOHN BULL readers against one of the boldest pieces of effrontery we have seen for a long time.

From many sources this week enquiries have reached us regarding a new enterprise called the First Insurance Investment Trust, of 3, Suffolk Place, London, S.W.

If anyone parts with money to this splendidly named concern, it will be in the face of our emphatic advice.

It has been brought into existence, according to its announcements, specially to cater for the investments of people of limited means.

In other words, it is appealing to the class who are most likely to be deceived by the scandalous misrepresentations of which we unhesitatingly accuse the so-called Trust.

This deception is likely to be more complete because the names of Sir Henry S. Jerningham, Bart., and of a vicar appear as directors in the circulars which are being broadcast through the country.

Do they know?

Can these gentlemen be aware of the nature of the literature which has been sent out under their names?

For investments of from £10 to £200 the First Insurance Investment Trust promises a cluster of wonderful benefits.

These comprise a dividend of five per cent. per annum, free life insurance of members according to the amount subscribed, and advances of money to members who wish to buy houses.

The touting letters of the Trust declare that its funds are invested solely in first mortgages on freehold property, bonds and debentures, "thus affording the best and safest possible security to its members."

We have yet to learn that security of this kind is necessarily the best and safest.

But it is still more important to learn what is the amount of the boasted funds. The circulars are silent on this point.

The proposal for the life insurance of members is, we find, the sorriest one of the kind conceivable when subjected to close examination. Far from being free, it will prove most costly.

To begin with, it is absurd to attempt to take money from the public on the basis of giving £1 of insurance for each £1 subscribed.

Further, there is deliberate omission from the impressive prospectus and letters of the Trust of the fact that if the insured member lives until the age of fifty-five no benefit will be paid.

Also hidden is the important fact that the insurance will be effected on the group system. This means that the members will be insured in mass, and that, if any of them do die before fifty-five, it is not their relatives but the Trust which would have the legal claim to the benefits.

And, to put the lid on the life-insurance coffin, the directors of the precious Trust can at any time they choose discontinue the insurance of the whole body of members.

Prospective members may still argue, however, that there is the promise of a five per cent. dividend, free of tax.

Not a bit of it. Artfully concealed again is the fact that, even if this rate of dividend could be paid, the amount of the member's life insurance premium is *first deducted from it.*

Both ways

Whichever way the coin spins, the Trust wins.

Then there is the extra bit of bait to investors that they can obtain advances of money to buy their own homes.

Where the money for that purpose will come from is not, of course, explained.

The First Insurance Investment Trust has been bred in the same stable as another strange animal which was born two years ago.

This was the First Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust, which introduced itself with the ridiculous statement that its "authorised" capital was £2,000,000.

It succeeded, in fact, in obtaining from the public last year nearly £30,000, and practically all the money has gone into other speculative enterprises in which the directors are interested.

The directors of both Trusts are the same.

One of them, George Kay Green, seems to be an expert in the development of country housing estates, and all of them—Green, Sir H. S. Jerningham, and a Peckham vicar named the Rev. W. J. J. Cornelius—are now concentrating on similar speculations at Kinmel Bay, near Rhyl.

We wonder

It is into the Kinmel Bay speculations that the Co-operative Investment Trust money has gone, and we are wondering whether the money of subscribers to the new Trust will go the same way.

The shares of the Kinmel Bay companies, one of which exists to finance a school, have never been heard of on the Stock Exchange and are unmarketable there.

(*Continued in next column*)

Tranter—"A very sorry rogue"

He's near you, Mr. Beesley—Chief Constable of Folkestone

Film Faces *and* RAT POISON

HAROLD CECIL TRANTER, with offices at 14, Tentercroft Street, Lincoln, is a very versatile person.

Some time ago, as Harold Cecil, he ran a Film Face Service from his Lincoln address. Through this service, Cecil purported to give "expert" film judgment on photographs submitted to him for a 1s. 3d. fee.

He is unknown to the film industry, and his "expert" advice is useless in obtaining a job for any aspirant.

We go further and say that Harold Cecil is a rogue, and a very sorry rogue at that.

His versatility is shown by the fact that he is now running a concern called the Lincolnshire Exterminator Company, marketing a so-called rat poison in bottles at prices from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.

Odd bedfellows

Film faces and rat poison do not seem to be good bedfellows. Cecil shows the way.

His film faces were worth nothing. His rat poison at 7s. 6d. a bottle is not worth seven pence.

But that is not all. If Cecil by astute salesmanship manages to foist his bottles on unsuspecting tradesman or housewife, well and good for Cecil.

But he does more. He advertises extensively in trade papers and in others which will accept his advertisements. And many of them are looking for their money and looking in vain.

(*Continued from column 2*)

In the literature of the new Insurance Trust it is stated that the accounts are under the supervision of an auditor appointed by H.M. Treasury.

This is sheer misrepresentation, and we hope that the Registrar of Friendly Societies, with whom the Trust has been registered, will take quick action to stop the deceit.

The secretary of both Trusts is an individual named Geoffrey H. Crispin, of whom we have not the happiest of recollections.

His promotion to trust finance has been rapid, because it is not so very long ago that he was touting for people willing to pay him 3s. 6d. for jobs in a derelict show-sign company.

The name Cecil used in connection with his Extermination concern is Harold Cecil Tranter, which we believe is his real name.

A blind

His "head office" at 14, Tentercroft Street, Lincoln, is merely used as one of his numerous blind addresses from which letters are forwarded to whatever address he may be occupying in the districts where he is carrying on his "business."

The Lincoln address is the offices of the Band of Hope Union, from whom Cecil rented an office some time ago—a significant title.

It is useless to apply to the Lincoln address, but to those interested we may reveal that we have traced him to an address at 18, Peters Street, Folkestone.

He is occupying lodgings at this address and using it as a centre of operations in the Kent and Sussex neighbourhood. If they are quick they may catch him, but knowing how quickly Cecil moves, we doubt it.

He has previously worked Norfolk and Suffolk from King's Lynn and Norwich and has been in Dorking and other Surrey towns.

At the various addresses Cecil prepares his famous Exterminator and sallies forth upon the neighbourhood. According to his pamphlet it is the "finished products of careful experiment and research." Cecil prepares it in a bucket in whatever lodgings he occupies.

Unpaid bills

The Lincoln "head office" is merely used for receipt of bills and such-like interruptions to a prosperous commercial career.

Cecil has a pretty taste in letter headings. He has a fancy for the names of the great capital cities. On the notepaper of his Exterminator Company he displays Vienna and Berlin in each corner.

On his Film Face Service his notepaper displayed Hollywood and California, U.S.A. Meanwhile in England a trade journal wants a matter of £25. There are numerous others.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT OFFER!

A superb double gift FREE! FOR BOTH YOU and YOUR FRIEND

THE WRITING SET.

The "John Bull" Writing Set is one that any person would be proud to possess. For beauty's sake, Pen and Pencil are fashioned out of "mottled" Vulcanite. And for the sake of durability, the Pen is fitted with a 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with costly iridium. This Pen will give years of writing joy. When the generous ink supply is exhausted, a touch of the lever refills the Pen in a flash. The Propelling Pencil is a worthy companion to the Pen—a marvel of precision, with the same superb "mottled" finish and a point that is always "at your service." The presentation case is the finishing touch to a really delightful gift. It is a beautiful Orient Blue, embellished in gold and lined in ivory sateen.

THE NEW GILLETTE.

The "John Bull" Gift Safety Razor is a genuine English-made Newest Pattern Gillette, embodying ALL the brilliant improvements that have placed this new type razor immeasurably ahead of all others.

It takes the wonderful new rust-resisting Gillette blade that makes shaving a real pleasure. The razor itself is heavily gold-plated and reposes in a strong all-metal case of convenient pocket size, which is covered with a durable katherette material.

HERE is a great opportunity to share in "John Bull's" Magnificent Double Gift of a genuine Gold Plated New Pattern Gillette Razor complete in pocket case and a handsome Pen and Pencil Writing Set, not only for yourself but for a friend as well. We make this great offer because we want to introduce "John Bull" and also "Passing Show" to thousands of new readers.

As "John Bull" readers know, the "Passing Show" comes from "the same stable," and just as "John Bull" is in its own class the predominant national weekly, so is the "Passing Show" the brightest and best of all humorous papers. But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and the "Passing Show" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore we make the following unprecedented offer:—

If you will—

(1) Give the "Passing Show" a trial for ten weeks, and

(2) Find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and the "Passing Show" a trial for ten weeks,

we will present both to your friend and to yourself a genuine Gold Plated New Pattern Gillette Razor and the handsome Writing Set described above FREE. It is a condition, of course, that the friend introduced by you is NOT already a reader of either "John Bull" or the "Passing Show."

For the next ten weeks we ask YOU to take the "Passing Show," your friend to take both "John Bull" and the "Passing Show." At the end of the trial you will not only each receive your "John Bull" Double Gifts, but we think you will agree that we have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly.

Everyone knows the "Passing Show" by its clever red and black cover by Gilbert Wilkinson smiles at you everywhere every week. The "Passing Show" helps you to look on the sunny side of life—it helps you to face your dentist with a smile and the income tax collector without worry. It is the finest thing in black and white for the price.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "Passing Show" for ten weeks you are both asked to cut out and affix ten consecutive numbers from ten successive issues of both publications to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms below.

That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed you will each immediately receive your Gift. There is no "catch." Please conditions are published on this page.

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" Magnificent Double Gift by getting the forms below filled in to-day. These forms reserve a New Pattern Gillette Razor and handsome Writing Set each—in your name and in the name of your friend. As soon as these forms are received "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two Double Gifts will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. There is no time to lose.

This offer is strictly limited to the first 10,000 registered reader applicants of "John Bull," and under no circumstances can the Forms below be accepted after the first post Thursday, September 18th—so act at once. GET THE FORMS BELOW FILLED IN TO-DAY!

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

The object of this scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "John Bull" and the "Passing Show." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified.

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and the "Passing Show" for the past three months.

The "John Bull" Double Gift will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Voucher which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms below.

When your Gift Voucher is complete, and **NOT before**, all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to us together with a postal order for one shilling, which covers the cost of actual postage, packing and insurance of your Double Gift, and specially fitted pocket clips on both pen and pencil of your writing set.

No person may qualify for more than one Double Gift Set and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

The offer is strictly limited to the first 10,000 applicants and no Reservation Form will be accepted after first post Thursday, September 18th. Copies of "John Bull" and the "Passing Show" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and no person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the ten weeks.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

It is important that these Rules and conditions are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is being introduced.

OUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW

½d. stamp MUST be affixed by YOU in this space to cover return postage.

From "JOHN BULL" (Res. P.S.), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Name.....

Address.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.

To "JOHN BULL" (Res. P.S.), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT

Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms. This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU to blank space provided.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "John Bull" Double Gift in my name in return for my undertaking to give the "Passing Show" a trial for ten weeks, and also for introducing a new reader who has **personally** signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and the "Passing Show" a trial for ten consecutive weeks. **I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of either "John Bull" or the "Passing Show."**

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please send me Official Gift Vouchers.

N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the Label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... DATE

Give below name and address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

.....

N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form which appears on p. 31 J.B. 6.9.30. This Form cannot be accepted after first post, Thursday, Sept. 18. **Please write clearly.**

Checked..... (District Supervisor)

A1.

N.B.—Do not separate these forms—send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST be filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Res. P.S.), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. **I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or the "Passing Show," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months.** I am pleased to give them both a trial for ten consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "John Bull" Double Gift in my name. Also please send me (on behalf of my friend) an Official Gift Voucher (*). I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

(*) Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own.

Give below name and address of your newsagent.

.....

.....

.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked..... (District Supervisor)

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp and send in with these Forms.

These portable milking stalls formed a feature of the dairy company's projects

A VERY Curious Enterprise

Trust's Quest for Soft Marks

All the people who have written to me have been informed by the Enterprise Trust Co., Ltd., that the firm is anxious to appoint local agents in order to reduce the expense of sending investigators "to far distant places."

Big boasts

They have also been informed that the Trust Company deals with several hundred enquiries weekly, so that agents can be promised plenty of work with a fee of a guinea for every case entrusted to them for investigation.

"Are you prepared to seize this chance?" they were asked. "We need men, and it must be you or another."

From the correspondence before me it is also clear that the Enterprise Trust Co., Ltd., needs money as well as men.

For this ambitious undertaking, with its avowed objects of financing "traders and firms in all parts of the country," asks its prospective agents to take up a small holding of shares.

It begins by suggesting £10 as a possible investment, but in several instances before me it has reduced its terms in the most ridiculous fashion.

This, one diffident applicant was asked to pay a "small deposit" and accept half fees for his subsequent investigations until the "proper security" of £10 had accumulated.

When he still hung fire he was told that only two other agents had been allowed special terms, one having paid £4 down, the other only £1. It was therefore suggested that he should pay whatever he could afford.

I find this same exhortation being made to yet another applicant in terms which implied that the Trust Company was making a great concession.

It is highly amusing to find a firm of "Investment Bankers and Underwriters" haggling in this fashion over paltry fees in one breath and in the next boasting that it was originally formed to underwrite £50,000 of a public issue.

Misleading

In the latter connection it "explains" that these shares, having been eventually issued without underwriting, the Trust Company turned to other interests.

"It has an authorised capital," one letter boasts, "of 4,000 shares, of which 2,528 have been issued and fully paid up to date."

But it does not explain that these are only 2s. shares, so that the nominal capital of the Enterprise Trust is only £400.

I will not pause to consider how much financing could be accomplished on such a slender capital, for it is far more illuminating at the moment to dwell upon the statement regarding the £50,000 flotation, for which, we are told, the Trust was originally formed.

Revelations

This, I suppose, refers to the Rankin Dairy Farm, Ltd., which was to have revolutionised dairy farming, but which, in fact, went into liquidation after obtaining £13,500 from the public.

The venture was criticised at its inception in JOHN BULL, because most of the money involved had gone to a vending company, whose directors also figured on the board of the new concern.

One of these same directors—W. H. Holden—now graces the board of the present Enterprise Trust Co., Ltd.

And, finally, when I reveal that the Trust's headquarters in Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, simply consist of an accommodation address where W. H. Holden calls for letters, I am sure you will agree that the venture is far too enterprising for any trust to be placed in it.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

I HAVE lately received letters of enquiry from various areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire regarding an offer of employment which has been made by the Enterprise Trust Company, Ltd., of Duke Street, Adelphi, London.

This firm describes its business as that of "investment bankers and underwriters," and professes to finance traders and firms in all parts of the country who require additional capital for expansion and other purposes.

CRIPPLED and MULCTED

AS from September 3, 1919, pension rates for men who have suffered amputations were revised; but to-day there are countless war victims who have not received their full arrears.

One of them, whose case we have been fighting, is a Mr. F. J. Edwards, of Stroud.

In 1924 the Ministry of Pensions agreed that he was entitled to an increase of pension in respect of the loss of his right arm; but for some inexplicable reason it only sanctioned arrears from May, 1923, instead of September, 1919, the official date on which rates were revised.

Edwards has thus been mulcted of arrears of pension covering a period of three and a half years.

* * *

Why? An amputation is an amputation: and a lost arm is a lost arm. If the increased rate is admitted it should be paid in full.

We have written repeatedly to the Ministry pressing for an explanation; but it contents itself by saying that May, 1923, is "the earliest date from which Edwards can be regarded as eligible for increased rate of pension."

The Ministry will vouchsafe no reason: and we contend that Edwards is legally entitled to the full arrears we have indicated

It is a significant thing that representations made by us on behalf of limbless men in similar circumstances have been successful in forcing the Ministry to pay £4,454 to sufferers who would otherwise have been deprived of their rights.

* * *

The stubborn stand that is now being made in the case of Mr. Edwards is no exception. There have been many instances in which the Ministry has been equally adamant.

Once, after we had pressed one sufferer's claim over a long period, the Ministry definitely told us that there were "no grounds on which any further action can be taken."

Satisfied that justice had not been done, we still pressed the claim, and eventually secured our limbless reader's full arrears as from September 3, 1919.

In these circumstances we would urge the Ministry once more to review the case of Mr. Edwards, of Stroud, for we challenge it to produce any adequate reason for denying him his just dues.

He's always at it"

They're ALL *Happy!*

THEY'RE all happy—Mr. Anthony, commercial traveller; Mr. Ball, butcher; and Mrs. Freeman, business man's wife.

The reason? JOHN BULL'S Crossword prize No. 76 of £600.

* * *

Mr. F. Anthony, of 83, Bracebridge Street, Nuneaton, wins £300. This sum will be shared with his neighbour, Mr. H. Ball—they enter the competitions on a share basis, each sending in a different coupon after consultation.

"Mr. Ball and I work them out separately and then we compare," said Mr. Anthony.

"My neighbour said to me recently, 'I am sure we shall win one of these weeks'—and we have kept on trying. I took up cross-words as a recreation and a change from thoughts of business."

Beamed Mrs. Anthony: "He is always at it when he has finished his work," and, looking at her three little daughters she added, "Sometimes I have to grumble at them for not keeping quiet, but they won't mind that now."

* * *

Mrs. Edith Freeman, of Wynwood Gardens, Waddon, Surrey, has found her £300 a welcome addition to the family exchequer.

Since our crossword puzzles first appeared some eighteen months ago, Mrs. Freeman—who has been a reader for twenty years—estimates that they have cost her, postal-orders, stamps and stationery all included, about £2 10s.

"So that I have received a return of 6,000 per cent. upon my invested efforts," she smiled.

* * *

Our Cross-word prize, now increased to £600, has been captured outright on many occasions—why shouldn't *you* prove the winner this week?

Turn to page 32 and test your skill. And remember that even if you miss the £600, our unique feature of £50 in prizes for runners-up may bring a substantial cheque for your trouble.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE

You can order with confidence anything you see advertised here, as every offer is covered by JOHN BULL'S well-known guarantee of satisfaction or Money Back in full.

PUNCTURE PROOF 7/6 TYRES FOR 3/6

BANISH CARE

Every Cyclist should try the Famous "B. & C." Puncture resisting Tyre, which we are offering at less than **HALF PRICE.** Genuine 7/6 Tyres for **3/6,** manufactured under special process. Strong and Tough Tread and Non-Skid. Good-bye to punctures—no more lost tempers. **FULLY GUARANTEED.** The most economical tyre on the Market—Thousands Sold. Price 3/6 each. Postage 9d. Two 7/6 post paid. Inner Tubes 1/3. Postage 6d. if ordered separately. MONEY refunded if not satisfied. FREE. Catalogue of the world-famed "B.&C." cycles and Baby Carriages. Write NOW. *Estab. over 60 years*

BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO.
Dept. J.B.22 **SOUTHAMPTON**

BABY'S LAYETTE

89 SUPER QUALITY LONGCLOTHES GARMENTS. BEAUTIFULLY HOME-MADE and GUARANTEED to WASH and WEAR. 30/-

Everything complete: Honeycomb Woollen Shawl and Christening Robe, Embroidery Day Gowns, Petticoats, Lawn and Winceyette Nighties, Knitted Silk and Wool Matinee Coats, Wrapper Vests and Bootees, Flannel Binders, Beds, Towels, Bibs, Pilches, Turkish Napkins, etc.

LETTERS RECEIVED FROM PURCHASERS OF MY LAYETTES.

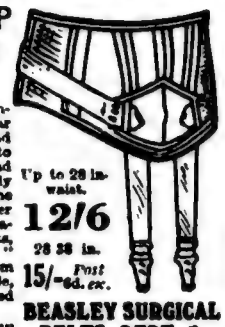
"Could not be bought here for £5, never mind 30/-."
"Finest bargain I ever bought."
"Best moneysworth I ever had."
"I think it is the most wonderful bargain for 30/-."
"My nurse says, 'Your layette is wonderful.'"
"Everything has washed up so beautiful and soft."

Thousands of Testimonials (similar to above) prove this Layette to be unequalled for value. To secure this wonderful bargain Post 2/- Now for parcel on approval (Cash or Instalments). Satisfaction or money returned. Buy the best from the original Designer and Maker, 30 Years' Mother's Experience.

Mrs. D. MUNSTON, 87, LAKE ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

For **HEALTH & BEAUTY**

A BELT TO KEEP YOUR FIGURE SLIM.



Keep a slim figure without confining corsets or exercise. Wear an abdominal belt for comfort and security. Care should be taken to select the correct belt, shaped and moulded to your needs, for only the perfect-fitting belt gives the benefits you seek. If you suffer from that "dragging-down" sensation, and other internal ailments, wear the Beasley "UPLIFT" Belt, as illustrated. Made from beautiful quality Pink Contille, neat and compact, and unnoticed under the flimsiest silk dress.

Illus. List for women or men with self-measurement form free on request.

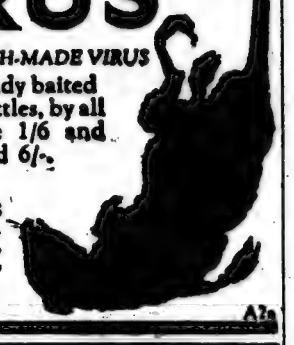
Up to 28 in. waist. **12/6**
28 38 in. **15/-** *Post 6d. ex.*

BEASLEY SURGICAL BELTS, DEPT. 8, 26, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2

Don't neglect this health measure

At the first sign of rats and mice—gnawed bread, butter, cheese—put down Liverpool Virus. These pests despoil food and health. From infected areas, from sewer and refuse heaps they carry disease germs to the home on fur and feet. Nothing safer to use or more certain in effect than

LIVERPOOL VIRUS



THE ONLY BRITISH-MADE VIRUS

Sold in tins (ready baited and liquid in bottles, by all Chemists. Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 6/-.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LTD., 56, HANOVER ST., LIVERPOOL.

A2a

GIFTS FIRST COUPONS AFTERWARDS

Amazing Offer!

A really new Free Gift excitement awaits you! Instead of having to smoke and smoke and smoke, and wait and wait and wait before getting something really worth having for your Cigarette Coupons, get a packet of "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes to-day and qualify for either a beautiful 23 Gns. "DENNIS" 5-Valve Super-Portable, in mahogany case, with single tuning dial, Mullard Valves, Stadion Batteries, etc., OR a "CHELLOPHONE" full size Portable Gramophone in strongly made case with best quality fittings and lid pack for eight records.

Nothing to approach this offer has ever been made before. Only the phenomenal increase in sales of these Superfine Virginia Cigarettes makes this astounding offer possible. You can get delivery of these gifts immediately, and simply send Coupons as you smoke. Full particulars of this revolutionary offer, together with 25 Free Coupons (value 3/4) to start your collection, will be sent to readers of JOHN BULL who enclose one "NAVY CLUB" empty Carton, together with this advertisement. Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope, and address **L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. G.B.23), 74, New Bond Street London, W.1.**

Cut this out for reference.

"Lift" Your Own Face!

1 Signs of "age" showing, but not too late to respond to scientific skin-feeding to nourish and build healthy new tissues.

2 The start—Before retiring applies Crème Tokalon Rose Skinfood, *gently* massaging with upward movement. Leaves cream on overnight.

3 Morning, already the skin is delightfully refreshed and revived. Applies White Skinfood, vanishing, non-greasy for the day.

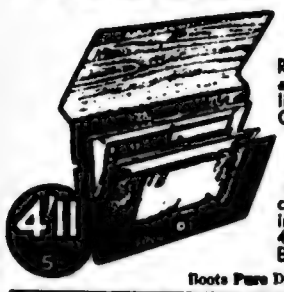
4 After only a few weeks, wrinkles gone, complexion fresh, rosy and firm. Even the worst cases take on surprising new beauty.

Few faces have aged so much that they must have surgery to make them young again. A treatment has now been developed by which almost any woman may literally "lift" her own face—in a simple, natural, harmless way, which anyone can apply and everyone can afford.

Prof. Dr. Karl Stejskal, world famous dermatologist of the University of Vienna, has published in a recent medical journal the findings of his exhaustive research. He has proved that through its millions of pores the skin readily absorbs certain specially prepared food materials, which the blood turns into healthy living tissues. Absolutely the best and most nourishing foods for the skin were found to be predigested olive oil and fresh cream combined with emulsified vegetable extracts and egg-yolk. Prof. Stejskal states: "These highly nourishing materials are completely contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood. It stimulates the skin . . . and nourishes it locally (where applied). It is specially recommended where the skin has suffered (become wrinkled, flabby, sallow, coarse or faded) through age or illness." It will revive and refresh your skin almost beyond belief even in one night. In less than 28 days you will have a complexion that is the admiration and envy of all your friends. Use the White non-greasy Skinfood in the morning and the Rose Colour Skinfood at night, as each has a different action. When used in this way successful results are guaranteed or your money will be refunded. Do not confuse Crème Tokalon Skinfoods with ordinary toilet creams which contain no actual food materials. White 1/- and 1/6. Rose 1/3 and 2/-.

FREE *Test your skill—£212 in Prizes. Turn to the Diploma Advt. on page 27.*

SUPREME VALUE in HAND-BAGS at Boots



UNDERARM BAG No. 411R 500

Real Morocco flap in assorted designs, lined art silk, Morocco Grained leather body, double inner division, large mirror, handkerchief pocket at back, strap handle. Various colours. Size approximately 8½" x 5½". Price 4/11 or 5/- by post from Boots, Nottingham.

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

BUY YOUR HAND-BAGS AT BOOTS
BETTER VALUE AT LOWER PRICES ALWAYS

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room 8B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

What Made Her Hair Grow?

Read Her Letter for the Answer

"My hair fell out," writes Mrs. Hillman, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again.

"Then I used Kotalko—and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph." Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growths by using KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

TEST BOX

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 R.K.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Mrs. Hutcheson Tells How Cuticura Healed Her Child

"My child suffered from eczema from the time she was nine months old. It started with a little red patch on her forehead. She scratched it and it spread until her face was covered with sore eruptions. It soon spread to her scalp. At night it was terrible. She would wake up and scratch until it would bleed, and then cry for the rest of the night.

"My sister advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more, and after using six tablets of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Hutcheson, 43 Vernon St., Maryhill, Glasgow, Scot.

Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear, sweet skin, soft, smooth hands, and a healthy scalp with good hair. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder for daily use on baby.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Superfluous Hair

Now So Easy To Banish

Four million women have thrown away their razors—Veet now washes away every trace of ugly hair in three minutes, as easily as washing your hands.

1. Just apply Veet, a dainty perfumed cream, straight from the tube.
2. After two minutes, rinse away the hairs—not even a shadow remains.
3. And the skin is left soft, white and smooth as a child's—this distinguishes the *Veet way* from other ways.

No odour, no irritation, nothing complicated—satisfactory results in every case, or money refunded.

IS THE Devil A WOMAN?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

"This sex deluge is an insult to nine out of ten healthy-minded young people. They have the higher vision"

SEX—sex, until one is nauseated with it. There is so much sex splashed over the pages of certain newspapers—so many "woman stories"—that the unthinking are beginning to ask if the devil was a woman.

To what a pass we have come was rather painfully seen at the recent Lambeth Conference of Bishops.

The vast and ever-present problems of poverty, unemployment, slums and the increasing dangers of fresh wars drew no word from the assembled dignitaries of the Church.

They were as much obsessed by sex as the fanatical psycho-analyst, and not even the row over the revised Prayer Book has caused more subsequent dissension than these discussions.

We seem to be living in a sex-ridden world, using the term in a thoroughly nasty sense.

Novelists dredge the sewers of life in order to pretend that the portrayal of the abnormal is "realistic art."

Loudly—Bosh!

They have made the natural so unnatural that if anyone dares to state the plain facts of sex he is promptly labelled obscene.

From top to bottom we are being presented with a picture of mankind in Walt Whitman's image—"stuccoed all over with reptiles and quadrupeds." And if anyone really expects me to believe that it is a true picture I can only say "Bosh!" with all the emphasis at my command.

Why is it seemingly impossible to be natural without being labelled nasty?

The stress placed nowadays on sex seems mostly to revolve round two questions—liberty and youth. To my mind it would be more just to describe these as licence and childishness.

For I see "be the papers," as Mr. Dooley used to say, that at the British Social Hygiene Council's Summer School no less a person than the President of the Council himself announced that he found it very difficult to discover what the objection to "week-ends" among young people was, provided there was "a proper knowledge of birth control."

That is the sort of thing to which the nauseating deluge of psycho-analytical sex twaddle has led us.

The once fashionable "complex" and the rare and refreshing "repression" have come out at last in their true colours with a truculent demand to tear asunder the very basis of society, to overthrow all restraint and all ideals and to make Tennyson's gibe about "Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud" come true.

I will admit, if you like, that the sex instinct is dominant, that at times it is apt to be volcanic, even that at times it can become almost catastrophic. But what reason is that for bidding us sweep away all the restraints and restrictions that through untold centuries have painfully evolved civilisation out of savagery?

We are often told, and by people who should know better, that the war resulted in a grave loosening of moral control. They are willing to excuse the wildest licence by the assumption that some world change has come over humanity.

It is more than nonsense: it is thoroughly pernicious nonsense. What is really happening is that a generation has been allowed to grow up with an utter contempt for discipline and self-restraint—and that is a very different thing.

A clean way

What annoys me is the cool assumption that pornography and lust and sexual pre-occupation are the normal characteristics of the majority of the nation, when the plain fact is that from top to bottom of society there is an enormous volume of clean, wholesome living, a tremendous body of men and women whose chief characteristic is their wholesomeness and healthfulness.

I think the fact is that the state of sex with which we are in danger of being overwhelmed as surely as were Rome and Pompeii in their decadent years is in no small measure due to the intense desire of modern youth for knowledge.

If that knowledge is gained through prurient channels, whose fault is it?

"Believing that science is for the control as well as the illumination of life," says a great authority in one of his books, "believing that forewarned is forearmed, we give definite instruction to young people in regard to health and disease, foods and poisons, exercise and rest, and so on.

"As the results are well known to be useful, the question arises: Why should we not apply the same methods in regard to sex hygiene? We instruct youth in regard to the digestive system and the skin, the nervous system and the muscles, but the reproductive system is tabooed. Why this conspiracy of silence?"

The common-sense of that is utterly unanswerable. It is no use replying smugly: "Let sleeping dogs lie!"—for the dogs are not asleep. They are very much awake, and if their thirst cannot be quenched at pure fountains they will lap greedily at the muddy pools in the roadway.

Smear of shame

And again, if they do, whose fault is it?

The "mystery" with which we allow sex to be surrounded has ended by covering what is sacred with the smear of shame.

I think that gentlemen like the President of the British Social Hygiene Council scarcely realise what they are doing. For they are not preaching freedom, but the devilry of seduction—and what is there to be proud of in that?

And it is an ironic commentary on both their science and their wisdom that they would probably be the first to turn round and denounce Bolshevism for its alleged doctrine of "Free Love."

What, pray, are they advocating?

It may, of course, have been an unfortunate error of judgment on the part of the Creator to make men and women. It may also have been sheer stupidity that has made mankind strive through the centuries to establish moral codes, stable civilisations and ethical ideals of self-discipline and self-control.

But all these things are so, and no one has ever yet been able to demonstrate what humanity would gain by their abolition.

Insult to youth

It is no good blaming youth. Youth wants to know, and the preachers of moral anarchy are merely profiting by the fact that moral educators have steadily shirked their duty.

The best antidote to vice is always sane knowledge sanely imparted.

From the days of Helen of Troy to the latest society scandal there have never been lacking sensation-mongers to pander to the prurient and parade vice in the disguise of misunderstood virtue. And even to-day there is no effective counter-attack to their mischievous efforts.

My objection to the sex deluge that is pouring over us to-day is that it is planting the seeds of an unhealthy national mentality where none at present exists, and that it is a downright insult to nine out of ten of the healthy-minded and healthy-bodied young men and women who have achieved liberty and have no mind for licence.

We English, perhaps, shed hypocrisy slowly, but surely we can well afford to-day to jettison once and for all the Victorian nonsense that would turn a natural instinct into a pornographic mystery.

We can do it just as soon as parents will shoulder their responsibilities and tell their children the truth.

What's YOUR Worth?

The Human Machine

WHAT is the real worth of a man? The world tries to estimate in terms of money—but the world is not always right. For a man is worth what he does—no more and no less.

A man, in fact, *is* what he does. A man may say what he likes; what he does and what he achieves will soon prove whether or not he is telling the truth about himself.

No one, no matter how great his abilities, is worth anything at all unless he uses those abilities. He is no good to himself and useless to his fellow-men. For the cleverest man in the world who does nothing is the inferior of the most ignorant ploughman who succeeds in making two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

REAL achievement cannot be measured in terms of money. Some of the greatest achievements in the world are intangible, for they are battles fought and won with oneself. There is many such a secret battle of which the world never hears, that has meant more real effort, more real pluck, than the building of a spectacular bridge or the bringing off a colossal financial deal.

It is no use asking or expecting anyone else to estimate our real worth. We, and we alone, are the sole judges. It is we who know whether we are true or false to ourselves.

It is we and we alone who know whether what we have achieved is real or only a sham.

What we are worth is the measure of our faithfulness to our principles. That, in the end, is the only real estimation of a man.

'I get a new pair of stockings every fortnight ... *and they cost me nothing!*'

"MY DEAR, you can do it too. You merely change over to 'Private Seal' Cigarettes, and you need never pay another penny for stockings all your life! You see, they put six coupons in every packet of twenty, so you get each pair—real silk or artificial—in a third of the ordinary time. Jack helps me collect—and he says he never wants to smoke better cigarettes than 'Private Seal'!"

FREE *for coupons from* **25** *packets of* 10 '*Private Seal*'

Artificial Silk Stockings. Manufactured from Courtauld's 200-denier Dulesco yarn; full length panel; made on fine gauge machines; specially reinforced to ensure hard wear; wash splendidly. Colours available: Florence Mills, New Gunmetal, Paris Nude, Stonemarten, Duskee, New Brown, Omar, Black, or any other popular colour on request. *Ask for gift No.* 4.

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"Beauty of England" Pure Silk Stockings—a sheer delight to wear, the finest silk, specially reinforced for hard wear. Colours as above. *Ask for gift No.* 3.

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6 COUPONS WITH EVERY 1/- PACKET OF 20

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POST THIS COUPON FOR FULL LIST OF GIFTS IN COLOUR

Magnificent Gramophones, Records, Cameras, Tableware, Handbags, Wireless Valves and dozens of other free gifts—all to be had in one-third of the ordinary time! Fill in the coupon and get the 'Private Seal' Book of Gifts *to-day*, and six FREE Coupons.

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Post coupon (½d. stamp in an unsealed envelope) to
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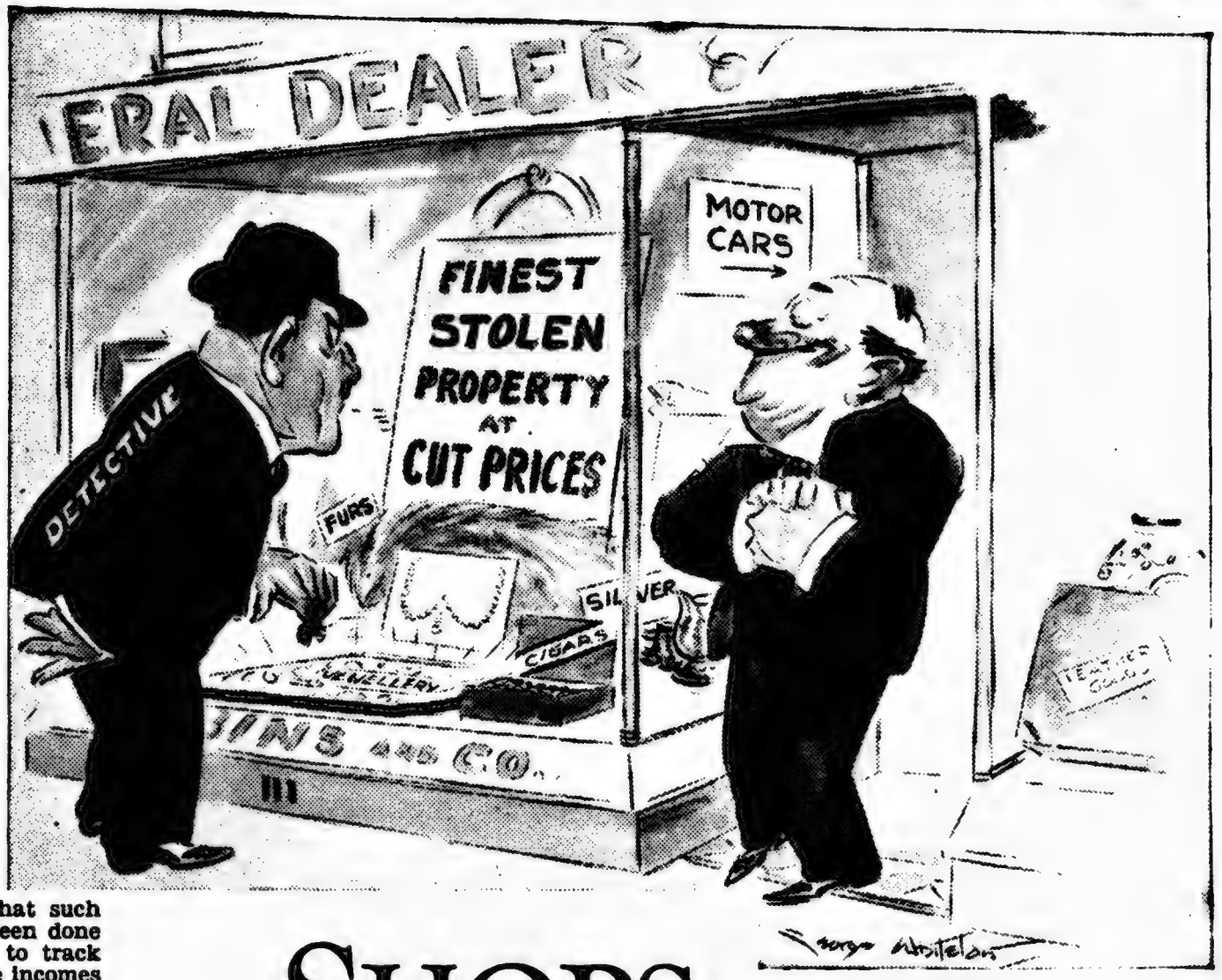
WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

SHOPS that SELL Stolen Goods



What he'd say if he dared—!

WHEN is Scotland Yard going to organise an Anti-Receiver Bureau?

Exhaustive enquiries made by JOHN BULL among Lloyd's underwriters, assessors, trade protection societies and traders themselves reveal a striking consensus of opinion that relentless war on those who batten on crime while leaving its perpetration to others offers a better chance of mitigating the crime wave than all the flying squads and bandit chases, spectacular though they may be.

Truth to tell, the powers that be do not seem to have realised the undoubted fact that without the receiver of stolen goods and his vast organisation the bandit game would be a sorry one.

Despite a hint some time ago that such action might be taken, nothing has been done to delegate power to special officers to track down and bring to justice those whose incomes from other people's crimes must run into millions a year.

Nine out of ten cases of shop-window raiding and office and warehouse breaking are inspired by receivers.

JOHN BULL was told of many instances of this kind. In one glaring case the prospective buyers of the property to be stolen were taken by members of the gang to a West End store. Certain furs were inspected and a price was agreed on.

The robbery did not take place for four days after this, but those furs were delivered all right.

The £5,000 necklace that thieves missed in a raid on a West End shop had doubtless been the subject of negotiation between a wealthy "fence" and the daredevils who carried out the daylight raid, this time in vain.

Pays—in millions

THERE is not an Old Master stolen that has not been sold before it has been cut from its frame. Some art dealer or connoisseur is behind the men who break into mansions in search of such treasure.

It is often urged by the police that the wages of sin, if not death, are very small, that this bandit-cum-receiver game doesn't really pay.

Doesn't it? Think of these figures of thefts each year:

Docks and railroads, £1,000,000.
Long firm frauds, £2,000,000.
Private property, £3,000,000.

These figures are necessarily approximate. The dock and railway estimate was a Court statement during a prosecution.

The losses of shopkeepers, including the big stores, are appalling. Add to this the value of stolen jewellery, cars, the toll of the confidence trickster, the blackmailer, the share pusher, the humble racecourse thief, and you have some idea of the appalling tax crime imposes on the community.

Receiving stolen property is now a highly specialised business. In many cases those engaged in it are apparently reputable traders. All sorts of property, from jewels and motor cars to wireless sets and cigarettes find a ready sale but—not as stolen property.

The cars go to garages, where their appearance is so changed that the makers would not know them. Many a worthy citizen is riding proudly in a stolen car that was sold by the thieves to an apparently honest dealer.

Diamond necklaces and furs are dealt with by expert jewellers and furriers, artists at their work, so marvellously that it is possible for Lady Vere de Vere to be wearing a brooch or a sable stole that once formed part of the necklace or coat of a near neighbour in Mayfair.

Tobacco and cigarettes. Well, they are easy. Some of the pirate shops are the distributing agents in this case, and the profits are so enormous that there are always plenty of traders eager to take the risk.

Do you wonder why? In the case of a genuine robbery the retailer's profits are 9d. in the shilling, and that without offering his oily hide as a hostage to the police.

There is a touch of comedy about tobacco robberies. The campaign waged by the combine against these shops is so severe that some of them are at their wits' end to secure supplies.

It is here that an obliging wholesaler consents to have his premises raided so that the pirate may be supplied with goods which the wholesaler dare not supply in the ordinary way.

This form of frame-up robbery was first started by disreputable fur merchants to victimise insurance companies.

It was only when the companies flatly refused to pay Mr. A. the value of goods "stolen" and planted in Mr. B.'s warehouse that this profitable game ceased to be worth the candle.

Barbed-wire "fence"

SILK stockings, dresses, all find a ready market, but not straight from thief to wearer. There is many a tradesman in London and the provinces who owes his prosperity to his "fencing" prowess. And in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he goes unpunished.

He owes his immunity largely to the lack of powers possessed by the police.

Any police officer essaying to track down a receiver must have his case proved to the hilt before he acts.

This is all wrong. What is needed is the power to make tradesmen declare the source of the goods they sell at prices which show clearly that the goods were never obtained honestly.

Given such powers, there would be some sensational cases.

Receiver will squeal

"CATCH the receiver and swot the thief," should be the police motto. There is a psychological reason. Bandits never squeal, but receivers do, and drastic action in that quarter would be a tremendous asset in the daily war with the car bandit.

To illustrate this: Not very long ago a firm of metal brokers bought for £9 stuff worth £100. Hearing that the scent was getting hot, the members of the firm nearly fell over each other to telephone to the police and give the thief away. He got eighteen months but they escaped.

There is a sad side to this receiving business. Many honest traders have been and are being ruined by this competition of stolen goods. Many a man who has sunk his all in a tobacco business and pays honest prices for his goods is being wiped out of the business world by the traders who do not.

It is a national scandal. The Anti-Receiver Bureau seems to be overdue.

HUGE FORTUNES in SPORTS

"Essentially British—the lure of the graceful hound"

Her nose well up—the "poor man's speed boat"

GAMES GRANDPA MISSED

AN older generation will ask whether all this energy in creating new sports and playthings for grown ups would not be more usefully applied to he things which fill people's ellies, clothe their backs and give hem happy homes.

The category of new games or mprovised old games is one of the arvels of the present day.

Only the generation in the adle can tell whether they are eful in the full sense of the word appiness.

* * * *

Tom Thumb golf, the new orts craze from America, is oing to sweep Britain with a dal wave of enthusiasm—so they ay.

Hard-headed financiers are unging on it. Famous amuseent caterers like Mr. Jack aller, Mr. Edward Laurillard and r. John Southern have faith in .

Small halls and cinemas on the ink of being wiped out of busiess by the talkie onslaught see ray of hope in it.

Drink less—laze less

The fascinating invader is just nother example of the breathless pidity with which new and ovel sports have descended sucessively on this country during he past decade.

The years since the war have rought within reach of the asses more convenient sports nd pastimes than the hundred ears which preceded it. There re new "playgrounds" everyhere for everybody.

Millions of money have been rculated through the medium of he invaders. A variety of trades, rafts and professions have benefited. Employment has been ound for thousands.

Leisure is now put to better use. he people drink less and laze less. rawn into the open-air, winter nd summer, they are fitter to ork harder. They have found armless and stimulating interests.

Ten years ago automatic greyound racing was unknown in ritain. The thrills and spills of he dirt track were confined to the ther side of the world. Outboard notor-boats were not seen on sea, ake or river. Public imagination ad not been captured by indoor ce-rinks, football by electric light, oy-riding in Moth 'planes, gliding nd the rest.

And now comes midget, miniature, or Tom Thumb golf.

Huge sums of money have already been invested in the sport in this country. Factories will be kept busy, considerable employment found and fortunes made.

One factory is already receiving orders for £300 miniature courses at the rate of 20 to 30 a day. There are already courses in full swing in the West End and at the pleasure resorts, drawing thousands of enthusiasts.

There will be midget courses in hotels, restaurants—even the Kit Kat has succumbed!—shops, dance halls, kinemas, clubs and on suburban roofs and lawns. Municipal authorities are spending thousands on staking out claims. At Herne Bay the game caused an obstruction.

Alternatives have been found for the cotton-seed husks which, in the States, are used as a substitute for grass. Special clubs are being manufactured. There is a growing trade in second-hand balls.

Vast fortunes have been made in America, where there are 10,000 midget courses, open day and night.

The original inventor is an American called Leadbetter, whose idea was improved upon by two young men of 27.

These two, who hold the basic patent rights, are already nearly millionaires. There is a wide market for balls, and putters, mashies and mashie niblicks, the three clubs mainly concerned in the game.

Royal and ancient

The game itself, a faithful but fantastic offspring of the Royal and Ancient game of Golf as played at St. Andrews, is fascinating to the extreme. An average course is about 70 by 30 feet, and boasts eighteen of the most tricky "greens" imaginable. Nine-hole courses are no less difficult. Shades of mighty Soccer and Rugby, what are we coming to?

The course at a famous London restaurant has holes varying in length from 36 to 15 feet, and no two are alike. Each has a fixed bogey, and as many as four shots are allowed for some holes.

The opening shot is over a water hazard and an erring player may find his ball among the gold fish. Another is laid out in a rock garden which is reached via another hole at the top of a bank.

There is a "green" where the side is banked up in Brooklands fashion, and another camouflaged with rose-covered trellis work.

The new sport looks like sweeping in with all the success that attended greyhound racing when it took the country by storm.

For a while it faded, and now it has found its level.

Settled down

There are excellently-run greyhound tracks all over the country, representing big financial interests. The lure of the graceful hound streaking along with his colours to victory under the glare of the arcs; thousands cheering in a frenzy of excitement, is not difficult to understand. It is all so essentially British.

At the height of the season last year over 2,000,000 enthusiasts a month were thrilled by the "dogs." In London alone a million a month came out o' nights to cheer. At other great centres of the sport, such as Cardiff, Birmingham, Manchester and Glasgow, attendances average anything from 2,000 to 10,000 a meeting.

There is no evidence that the modest "flutter" enjoyed by the man in the street at the "dogs" has had unhappy consequences. At least, they see their dog lose, whereas they may never see their horse "down the straight."

Financially, greyhound racing has now adequately adjusted itself—but not without early and pioneer difficulties. There was more than one crisis, as JOHN BULL indicated at the time.

"Golf's fantastic offspring"—the "loop-the-loop" hazard

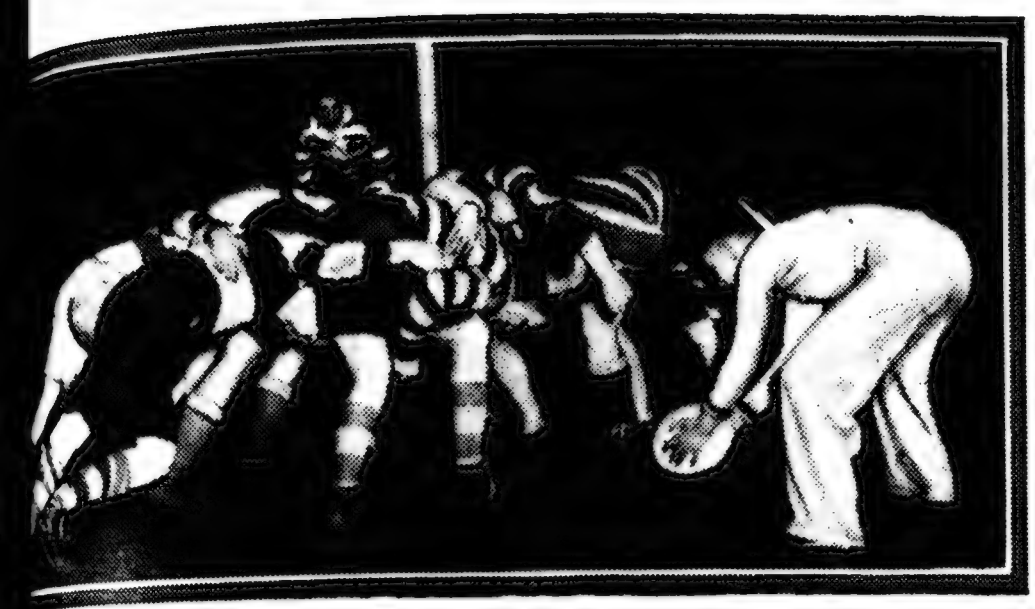
All the leading tracks in the country now submit to the authority of the Greyhound Racing Club, which has power to delicense any track or official, to investigate complaints of foul play and to "warn off" the defaulters. Even private establishments where greyhounds are trained for their racing must receive the O.K. of a steward's licence.

In its infancy greyhound racing was shockingly exploited by the unscrupulous, but it can honestly be said that the great sport is straight and above board and a credit to itself and the country.

All of which is a reminder that Wembley Stadium, a favourite rendezvous of dog-race lovers, will this winter see the introduction on a large scale of another novel evening-time sport which may, or may not, rival the appeal of the greyhounds.

"Night football," orthodox soccer played under the artificial

...s in NEW



Ghostly spectators will watch their champions in the night arena—

light thrown by great arc lamps, is to be thoroughly exploited for the first time. It has been banned so far as League players are concerned—but there are others.

Why should people not see football by night?

The other big cities are making similar experiments.

Londoners, however, are to have a magnificent opportunity of returning their own verdict in December, when first-class matches will be staged o'nights at the Stadium.

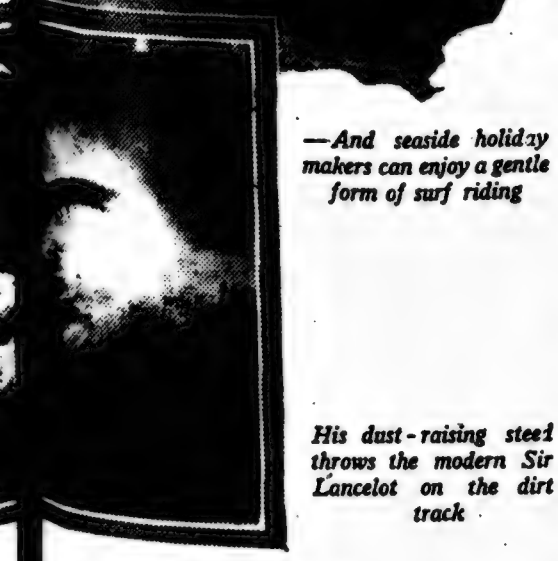
A great new lighting scheme will be installed at a cost of thousands of pounds, and the first night encounter is likely to be a match between players from famous clubs.

The promoters are confident of recouping their outlay. Crowds of from 70,000 to 80,000 can be accommodated, and if necessary, parts of the greyhound racing equipment can be removed to allow for more.

A suggestion that visiting teams from foreign countries should be introduced from abroad has found the F.A. hostile, and it is unlikely that League fixtures will ever be played under the arcs.

Floodlights, indeed, have paved the way for several of the great new night sports.

—And seaside holiday makers can enjoy a gentle form of surf riding



His dust-raising steed throws the modern Sir Lancelot on the dirt track

Dirt track knights

Side by side with greyhound racing, speedway, or dirt-track racing is a part of daily life. Introduced to this country in 1928 by a group of crack Australian "riding fools," it quickly captured the imagination of the legion of motor-cyclists in this country.

In 1929 leagues and championships were evolved, attendances of from 20,000 to 30,000 at the leading tracks made possible the offering of valuable prizes and the employment of first-class riders at splendid retainers.

But the dirt-track is as much an entertainment as a sport. It has made a peculiar appeal to girls and women, who love the excitement of the races and the charm of the interval music in the gloaming, linked with the hero-worship, like maidens of knightly days, of their favoured "Sir Lancelot" on his dust-raising steed.

Dirt-track racing has been a great stimulant to motor-cycle enthusiasts and, consequently, a boon to the trade.

On the water, as on land, new post-war recreations and diversions have carried all before them, inspiring courage and initiative and aiding the allied industries.

The model airplane is not sufficient for the schoolboy of to-day—he wants a glider. And he can make one for £10

Water-flies

Motor-boat racing, although not new to this decade, has advanced by leaps and bounds, culminating in the daring, fatal achievement of Sir Henry Segrave on Lake Windermere.

But the new thing was the introduction of outboard craft, which brought the sport within reach of those with modest pockets.

Racing in a high-power boat is a luxury, but an outboard costs less than a car and is more economical to run. The engine can be detached and hitched behind a car for transport to different parts of the country.

A four-seater outboard can be purchased for as cheaply as £100.

Materials used in their construction are more than fifty per cent. British. Works are kept busy at Hampton-on-Thames, Fareham, Littlehampton, Oxford and elsewhere. Boatbuilders, engineers, naval architects and draughtsmen are kept in jobs.

Aquaplaning—a new word for the world-old sport of surf boarding—behind motor-boats is another diversion that has snapped its share of popularity on sea and river. It is a genuine thrill without undue risk, and the complete outfit can be bought for a "fiver"—British made.

Butter-flies

In the air, too, post-war sport has shaken hands with industry. Civil flying for pleasure has advanced by leaps and bounds. There are about 5,000 members of light aeroplane clubs throughout the country. Hundreds of Moths alone can take the air.

Factories are kept busy, skilled and unskilled men in work. Hand in hand with sport, the industry faces the future with confidence.

Amateur flying has been a great ambassador of British engines and 'planes abroad. Major de Havilland, the man behind the Moths, and enthusiasts like Lord Wakefield have rendered incalculable service in boosting them.

Pilots such as Mr. Alan Butler, who put up such a magnificent show in the round-Europe flight, Miss Spooner, who was the only other woman in the recent Italian air Derby, and Miss Amy Johnson, to mention but a few, have been great champions, not only of the new sport, but the industry.

Gliding is following hard on the footsteps of the light 'plane enthusiasm. Clubs are being formed in all parts, trophies offered, "tickets" taken.

Pub-putters

A glider can be bought for as little as £20. Home-made models have been completed for £10.

With events like the King's Cup and the Schneider races drawing "gates" of thousands, linked with flying clubs and individual enthusiasm, the air has, in the last ten years, contributed a great new national sport.

Putting greens everywhere, skee-ball, joy rides, speed-boat trips—these and the rest are providing fun that grandpa never knew or dreamt of. Even the ancient game of darts has achieved League status in the taverns.

Few of the innovations have failed to prosper. Without killing or radically injuring the great national games they have drawn into the web of sport hundreds of thousands of willing victims.

For better or for worse?

Light up a Manikin and you will say, as I did years ago, "For the first time in my life I am enjoying a smoke that really is completely satisfying." A smoke with a flavour you can taste and enjoy—Mild, Mellow and Nutty.

And if the flavour is exceptional so is the price—*exceptionally low*—and the reason lies in a nut shell—Manikins are made from the delicate tip leaves too small for large and expensive cigars yet actually the sweetest smoke of all.

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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

HARDING'S INVALID CARS
Hand-driven also Motor and Electrically propelled, from £12 Carr. Paid. Bath Chairs, Merlin Chairs, and Folding Chairs from 3/- monthly.
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REAL LIFE STORIES- by Famous Authors

When the SHIP came HOME

A REAL life story? Yes, it is a real life story that started on the slopes of Oakland behind the Golden Gate and ended in the Port of London.

The girl (there is no reason to give her name) stood on the veranda of her father's villa on the slopes looking down on the Golden Gate and on the shipping; but there were two ships only that claimed her attention One was the *Swan*, the other was the *Flying Glory*. I was on the *Swan*.

They were English ships, as English as the girl who stood watching us then.

Up on the poop the skipper stepped slowly to and fro, and every now and then he cast a glance towards the *Flying Glory*.

And on the poop of the *Glory* walked her skipper, and he was casting a glance now and then at us. But we were away before the *Glory*, and were breasting the Pacific swell a cable's length ahead of her.

Both skippers were young men, but it was the *Glory's* skipper's first command.

Our cargo was similar to that of the *Glory*—cases of fruit and provisions deep in the hold, and above the cases of provisions a layer of curios brought from the natives of the Mexican Gulf to be passed on to Europe—jars, mugs, hats, trinkets of all kinds.

But the big thing that ruled this voyage was not the cargo we held under the hatches

The object was the girl who stood looking after us.

BOTH the skippers were in love with her. Both had asked her to marry them. But the skippers were friends, mind you, and there was no jealousy of the ugly kind.

And the girl? Well, we of the *Swan* had a kind of feeling that our skipper was second in the race for her.

We knew that she had told them that she would give her answer to the first skipper who came to see her when she was in London.

We took the Trade the second day, and after that it was a clear run for over a thousand miles in less than a week.

We crossed the line and ploughed into the Southern Ocean; and during that time the *Glory* stuck with us.

"Wait," I said to the skipper one day across the cabin-table: "wait until we hit the region of the Horn. We'll push through. Our weight will tell then."

He looked across at me and smiled a bit.

"We'll push her through," he said. "Get the gear overhauled right away. The glass is down a bit."

A few days later the sun dimmed. The seas ran duller. The sparkle went out of the ocean. I went up on deck to take my trick.

Away on the horizon I could just make out the topsails of the *Glory*. An hour later when I looked her topsails were gone.

When my trick was ended there was a heavy sea running. I went down to my bunk, for I was to take the morning watch. I came up to that watch to find a young gale blowing.

By night it was a full gale, and there was a moaning in the wind that told me we were coming near the Horn.

For days none of us was dry. The sea broke over the *Swan* and struck her fore and aft.

It got worse as we drove south. The gale blew itself out; but then the rain came—cold, bitter rain, day and night.

And after that came the worst cry of all.

"Ice ahead!"

Then we knew we were in it. We were in the region of the most treacherous sea in the world.

With the ice came snow and fog. You don't know what snow and fog can be like until you get them off the Horn.

The skipper was on the poop most of the time now. If we had been soaked by the gale we were now both soaked and frozen.

But the skipper was there, watching the horizon day and night.

At last the look-out saw something, and cried:—

"Land on the port bow!"

We knew it was the Cape. We saw it, still dull, but there it was.

And then the man who was up in the foremast barrel gave a shout.

"Sail on the starboard, sir!"

The skipper stopped pacing the poop, and threw his glasses up to his eyes. We all looked.

"It's a derelict," said the First, who was beside me in the waist.

"Think she's the *Glory*, sir!" came from the crow's-nest aloft.

It was the *Glory* all right; but there wasn't any glory left about her.

Her foremast and main had gone by the board, only the broken stumps showing. Her deckhouses had been smashed, she was so low in the water that the swells rolled within a foot of her gunwale. She was waterlogged without a doubt.

The skipper came down from the poop just then, his glasses in his hand, and on his face a strange expression, of mingled pity and triumph.

We knew he was thinking that the young skipper of the *Glory* had lost his fight with the savage southern sea.

"There's somebody aboard her," he said. "She isn't abandoned. Get a boat out, you, and we'll go over!"

He was talking to me. I had the boat swung out and lowered.

When we came up to the *Glory* we saw a man stumble across her deck He was the young skipper.

"Ahoy!" said our skipper, standing up and signalling. "Sorry you've been hit so bad. Can we take you and your people off."

"There aren't any people left," said the other, gazing at us sombrely.

"But there are two dead men here besides myself. And there's the bosun. He's alive and at the wheel. I gave the others leave to go. But they were swamped."

"What happened?" asked our skipper.

"The gale disabled us. The rudder-chain snapped, but we repaired it. The two masts went over. Then the snow and ice came. We bumped. She's holed below. But she won't sink. There's air in her under the hatches."

"COME aboard the *Swan*," said the skipper.

The other shook his head

"If I come aboard I abandon my ship. She is my first command. I stick. I'll bring her into port—me and the bosun, if you can't lend me some men.

"I can't order them to come here," said the skipper. "If they come they will volunteer. But it's impossible to bring her into port now. We're not round the Cape yet——"

"She'll round the Cape all right," interrupted the other. "The breeze will spring up in a day or so. She'll swim before it. If your men won't come, then send me some provisions. Our store is under water. We haven't eaten for two days."

But our skipper stepped up to his rival and spoke low and earnestly, begging him to come aboard the *Swan*.

I heard some of their talk. I heard the young skipper of the *Glory* refuse to give up his ship, his first command. I heard him tell the skipper of the *Swan* that he had reached the Cape

Next Week:

TWO SNAPS

"Real life out-distances fiction whenever she deals in coincidence . . ." say the authors—

JAN and CORA GORDON

"THERE'S somebody aboard her. . . Get a boat out, you, and we'll go over!"

by Stuart Martin

Illustrated by Herbert Hyde

I looked astern. There was nothing to be seen but the tossing sea and the high, crested billows, all dark and menacing. To lower a boat was impossible.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"I dunno, sir. He was beside me; then he walked over there and the ship lurched, sir, and he was gone. He sort of fell over. I never saw the like."

"He sort of fell over," I repeated, dazed, for I knew our skipper could walk a bucking plank with the best.

"You're skipper now, sir," said the bo'sun. "Shall I call the watch, sir?"

The bell was struck, the watch was called. I took command.

And then I went down again. I walked into the skipper's room to write up the log. When I opened the book I saw an envelope addressed to me.

IT was the skipper's handwriting. I read the letter. Then I put it into my pocket and wrote up the log.

In time we came to the Channel and so to London.

The mooring ropes were hardly made fast when a figure came up the gangplank and faced me.

It was the girl I had seen on the Oakland slopes.

I took her down to the cabin, and she sat down facing me. I knew why she had come; so I told her how the *Glory* had been smashed in the gale. She cut me short.

"I know all about that," she said sadly. "A steamship came upon the wreckage. Nobody was aboard then. The steamship wirelessed the news. It is about your captain I want to hear. Tell me everything."

I stared at her, for I had sent word of his loss by homebound ships. But I told her how he was carried overboard in heavy weather when he was doing extra duty.

She faced me bravely, through her tears.

"It was him I loved," she murmured. "I expected him to be home first. Tell me again how he died."

Again I stared at her, and there was a catch in my throat when I told it again, this time with more detail.

I told her how he was respected and liked by every man aboard. I told her how he tried to save his rival; and after that she rose and shook my hand; and crept away.

I heard the dockhands unlashing our hatches. I heard the cranes at work taking out the cargo. And still I sat staring at nothing.

PRESENTLY there was a knock at the door and the old bo'sun came in.

"Sir," he said, "I been thinking all way home about our skipper, sir. You remember the case of provisions he sent across to the *Glory*, sir?

"The deckhands, cap'n, have taken the first layer off the goods, and it wasn't a case of provisions he sent at all, sir. It was a case of trinkets."

At that I jumped to my feet

"You're a damn fool," I roared. "You've lost your count and mixed the cases somehow. Are you a stevedore to take any business with the cargo? Clear out and get paid off with the rest, and don't talk foolishness!"

But after he had gone I sat down and drew the skipper's letter, which I found in the logbook, from my pocket. And I shoved it into the stove.

For in that letter was his explanation that he had shipped the wrong case over to the *Swan* by accident.

So he had stepped off the poop into a wave rather than face the girl, knowing that he had sent a case of trinkets to two starving men on a waterlogged ship, and believing that it was the *Glory's* skipper she was waiting for.

first and maybe would reach England first, too.

"And if I don't," he said, "she won't marry you anyway. It's me she wants to marry. Will you tell her one thing?"

"What is it?" asked my skipper.

"It's this. Tell her, if you come to London first, that I'm coming. Tell her that I won't abandon ship, for I promised to bring the *Glory* home. Tell her I'm coming."

We rowed back to the *Swan*, and the skipper asked for volunteers to help the *Glory*. He knew it was too much to ask. You can't blame the men for shaking their heads. You'd have shaken yours.

"There's a hurricane coming, sir!" cried the First, who was on the poop. "Off with the hatch. Get your crew to keep the boat. I'll have a case of provisions over to the *Glory* before the wind strikes us!"

IT was done in a hurry, a tumult of energy. The skipper himself packed the huge case, and we had it up in the slings and over the side quick enough. I gave the word to push off.

And it was hell pulling over to the *Glory*, for the swell was bigger and the wind was whining.

But we got the case on the rope that was sent down and we got it on deck; and then we had to go.

I asked the young skipper once again if he wouldn't come with us. But he looked at me and shook his head. The old bo'sun with him had taught him how to handle the sea and wouldn't leave him.

We weren't a minute back on the *Swan* when the wind came down like a clap of thunder, and all the ocean was a seething white riot.

We were away like a racehorse, with that gale blowing us in towards the Cape. But we weathered the black nose of land and swept on, every man at his post, the skipper on the poop.

Thus we came eventually to the Atlantic Ocean and met steady seas, but they were beam seas that swept us from stern to waist.

It was here the First went overboard. He was aloft at the time and a rope snapped under him.

We couldn't hope to get him. It was pitch dark. We just heard the cry.

I was on deck till daybreak. The skipper came up. He looked strange.

"You know the sea," he said. "You could take her home?"

"I'll take her, sir," I said, thinking he was ill.

He walked down to the waist and stood looking at the hatches. Then he came back to the poop.

"You'd better turn in," he said slowly. "I'll take my trick, First!"

"Thank you, sir," I said. He had made me First with a word, and I knew he would bring the bo'sun aft as Second.

I slept like a log, and it was late afternoon when I was awakened by a hammering at my door. I was up in a twinkling. I heard somebody call "Man overboard!"

But there was nothing to be done when I got on deck. The bo'sun was at the wheel. He tossed a glance backward at the roaring seas.

"It was the skipper, sir!" he said quietly. "I got them to call you. We can't help him, sir."

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No Faking!

Firing shot into the wood to imitate "worm-holes" is one way in which "antiques" are faked. They are often very convincing, but their actual value is only a fraction of that of the "real thing"

Cheap tobaccos, too, often have their original condition changed. But the scent and artificial flavouring added to disguise the "bite" and "tang" of their harsh leaf, take most of the enjoyment out of the "smoke." Comparison with a pure, natural Tobacco such as Rubicon Mixture shows how unsatisfying these "doctored" varieties are.

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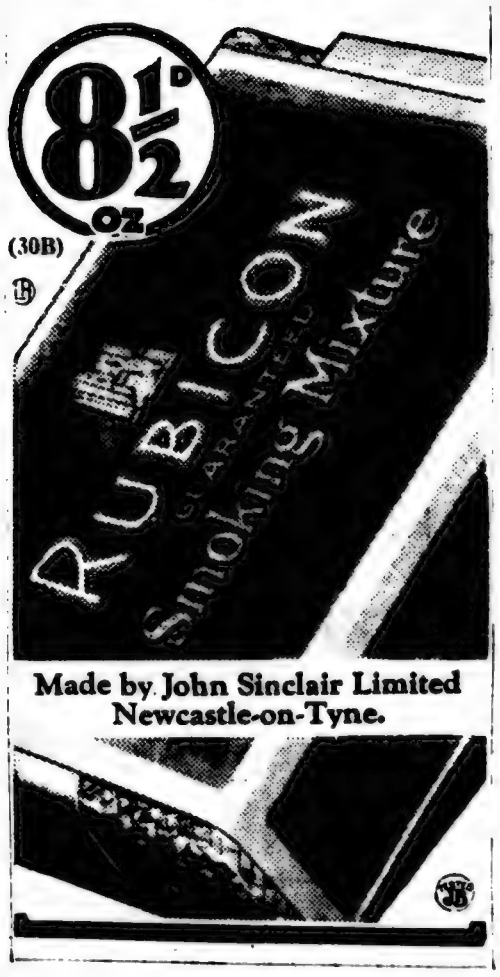

(30B)

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Thirteen SUICIDES A DAY!

THE number of suicides in Great Britain has for some years past increased out of all proportion to the growing population. The sun rises each morning on some thirteen men and women who will never see another because of their determination to die.

It is amazing to find that suicide accounts for nearly as many deaths as the road traffic.

During the last year for which the figures are available 4,846 ended their lives in England and Wales alone, in addition to which more than 2,800 attempted suicide.

A sad record, but it must be honestly faced. We offer no apology for dealing with a subject of such far-reaching importance.

The primary cause could in a large number of instances be removed. Poverty is the mainspring.

When at the Modern Churchmen's Conference at Oxford the other week Dean Inge announced that he would not censure a man who, knowing that he was dying of an agonising disease, wished to end his life, the famous clergyman put his finger on a national problem.

Britain almost alone in the nations of the world, regards the suicidal act as felonious unless the individual is insane. Your life is not your own to do with as you please, *it is the property of the State.*

You are required by law to live until you die by natural causes.

Removed elsewhere

Of the 2,800 attempted suicides in a year, 735 were proceeded against by the police and thirty-four men and women were sentenced to summary terms of imprisonment, while three were sent to Borstal institutions.

Until the Criminal Justice Act of 1925 enabled such cases to be dealt with by local magistrates, the only mode was to commit the "criminals" for trial at the assizes.

Incarcerated in the county asylums at the present time are thousands of persons who have been certified insane by reason of their having made efforts to end their own lives.

In many cases they try again and again until they succeed.

But it is not by any means certain that many of those who commit suicide *are* insane. Victims frequently leave earnest and sincere letters to the coroner assuring him that they are quite sane and capable of appreciating the serious nature of the act.

A Kensington woman who ended her life with her head in a gas-oven a few weeks ago took the precaution of being medically examined and certified "normal" by two medical practitioners beforehand.

Coroners, in their anxiety to remove the stigma from the living relatives of a suicide, in nearly all cases give as their verdict "whilst of unsound mind." In less than 3 per cent. instances is the verdict one of *felo de se*—self-murder.

Ghastly farce

In cases where the deceased man or woman is insured, the verdict is all-important. Where it is found that the dead person was insane at the time, the insurance money is paid. If the verdict is one of self-murder, the suicide is a criminal, and his dependants are ineligible for the insurance money.

There were eighty-eight of such cases last year.

They hate to brand a suicide as a felon—famous coroners: Dr. Edwin Smith (in the circle) and Mr. Sam Brighouse, Ormskirk

Coroner Ingleby Oddie has a deep knowledge of suicides

The farce of attempting to decide what was the state of a dead man's mind is illustrated by a review of recent reports on inquests.

A North London labourer named Ansell drowned himself after he had been four years unemployed. He had had his union money and his Unemployment Insurance Benefit stopped He had no money at all. Every day he had sought for work in vain. The verdict was one of "unsound mind."

James Hunt, a Gloucester farm labourer who had not been employed for five years, suffered with bronchitis and asthma. Very depressed one morning, he hanged himself before breakfast. The verdict was one of "unsound mind."

In each case the coroner concerned saved the man from being buried a "criminal" by describing him as insane.

As the law now stands there is no other course or choice. As in hundreds of similar instances, poverty drove these poor men to desire an escape.

Quite sane

A Caerphilly miner who was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for having attempted to take his life, later drowned himself at Cardiff. Again the verdict was "unsound mind."

When he failed to kill himself he was branded a criminal, and when he succeeded he was looked upon as unfortunate. The note he left read, "I am determined to end it all."

A Fishponds, Bristol, woman ended her life within a month of her release from an asylum wherein she had been ordered by a magistrate in consequence of a first attempt.

It is significant that about twice as many men commit suicide as women, although, whilst men frequently resort to acts of violence, women rarely disfigure their bodies in any way.

A young soldier who leapt from a railway carriage whilst on his way to a detention barracks under escort was so badly injured that he died. "The right to die is the only right I have left," he gasped as he lay awaiting the ambulance.

But he hadn't that right even. The verdict at the inquest was *felo de se.* It branded him a criminal in death even.

During the year 1928, twenty-five serving soldiers of the British Army committed suicide. And these, we may say, were strong, healthy and disciplined young men.

When a Surrey man of independent means who was apparently in good health and without financial troubles, shot himself, the verdict of the jury was one of *felo de se.*

Final insult

Surely the man is mad who ends his life without reason! Or perhaps he was exercising his right to die.

The greater the reason, it seems, the more likely are the chances of being described as of "unsound mind."

The hearts of all go out to the sick person who, slowly yet surely dying of cancer or of tuberculosis, or one or other of many incurable diseases, seeks a sure and certain relief from pain.

But admiration for their patience is more to be desired than is pity for their having taken their own lives.

The coroner's court is rapidly becoming an all-too-popular institution, dealing with as it did during last year more than 30,000 deaths. The cost was well over £200,000.

The effects of suicide—the cost of maintaining dependant wives and children, or of maintaining those who fail and are in consequence maintained in lunatic asylums—will never be calculated correctly.

Progress towards a better state of life is steady, and only by its means will the main cause of suicide be removed.

No felons

Meanwhile the law which brands a suicide as a felon should be amended, and a strict inquiry should be made into the effect of prosecuting and punishing those who attempt to take their lives.

Happily to-day the suicide is not buried at the cross-road with a stake through his heart, as he was a hundred years ago; but his body is still in some instances refused burial in consecrated ground.

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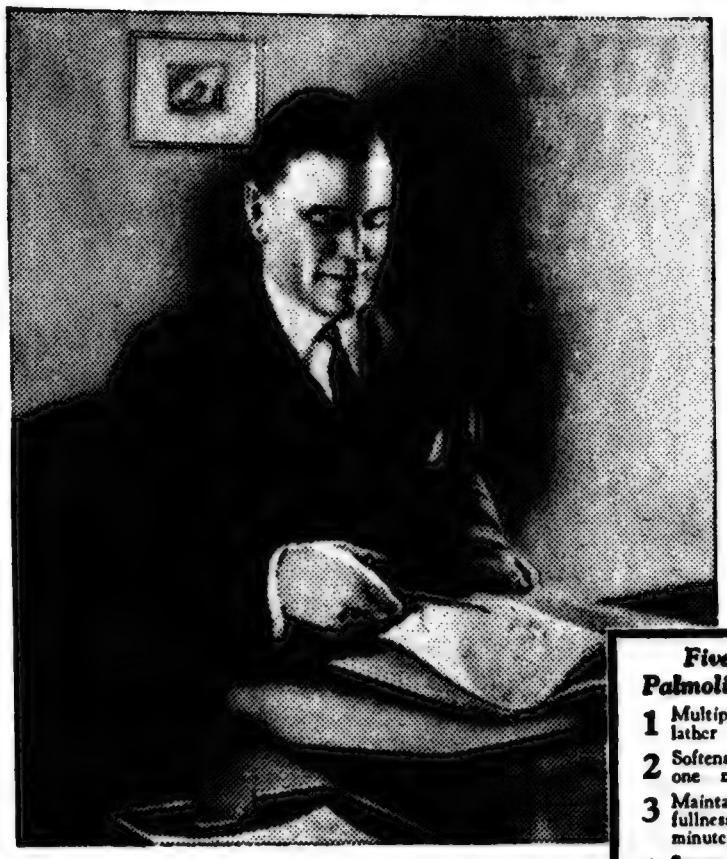

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Stick-at-Nothing WOMEN

—by—

Iris Jean HOWARD

Agent-General in London for Nova Scotia, and the only woman Agent-General in the World

ONE used to hear a good deal about the inconsistency of women, and I dare say some of the die-hards who still deplore the entry of women into big business, government, finance, and diplomacy will raise the old parrot-cry when they hear what I have to say on this matter of women entering public life.

Now that I find myself occupying an important public post, representing a great province of my country at the capital of the British Empire, I am forced to admit that my present activities are not very consistent with my former views—that woman's place, within reasonable limits, was in the home.

For now I have gained an "inside angle" on to the problem, and the result has been an enforced scrapping of many of my old beliefs.

Well, I don't complain about that. Beliefs are made to be scrapped, providing other and better beliefs, backed up by solid reasoning and sound common sense, come to take their place.

Most of us start off with all kinds of misapprehensions and inaccurate surmises when we tackle a subject for the first time, and it is only that splendid magnifying glass, Experience, that at last enables us to see things more clearly and in their proper shape.

Experience tells

The past few years, whatever else they may have done for me, have certainly brought me quite a lot of experience in one way and another, not least of all in regard to this question of women who are winning success at what was once exclusively male work.

And it is in the light of this experience that I now say that to my mind there is nowadays no job too big for a woman to tackle, no post so exalted that some woman somewhere has not the brains and the ability to fill it with success.

Such a point, in fact, hardly needs stating; it is becoming daily so apparent.

Women are no longer content to confine their ambitions to the bread-and-butter jobs that not so very long ago they had to regard as the pinnacle of success. To-day their eyes are on the big jobs, the four and five figure posts.

And not only are they aiming for these jobs: many of them have got there, and many, many more will get there in the next few years.

The old cry, "May the best *man* win!" will no longer suffice. As likely as not a mere woman will slip in and carry off the laurels.

But I have noticed that in nearly every case where a woman occupies an important post she puts more into it than a man in the same job would do.

Still nervous

Men have always had to work, and they appear to be able to take a heavy task in their stride; but women seem to have to put more conscious effort into it to achieve the same result.

I say *seem* to have to put more effort, for I am not at all sure that this is actually so.

Give a man and a woman of similar capabilities an identical job to perform, and I would not like to say definitely that the woman would have to put more effort into it than a man to get it done

What I do believe is that, whether she had to or not, she *would* put more effort into it.

It has been my experience that women do throw themselves into their work more completely than men, at any rate so far as subordinate positions are concerned

The ordinary man is usually prepared to "slack off" every now and again for a chat and a smoke, or to pop out of the office for a "spot"; but most women workers have no time to spare on such frivolities.

Sex antagonism

Possibly this is because they know that they have to "watch their step" more carefully than men.

Women in commerce or public life are still "on trial." They are carefully watched, and any little shortcoming is liable to be far more emphasised than it would be in the case of a man.

He, should he feel so disposed, can go off early for an afternoon's golf without arousing any hostile comment, but should a woman in a similar position do the same thing, she would probably be accused of slacking or of not taking her work seriously.

This may seem a little unfair, but really it is quite reasonable. Man, in business, is taken for granted. Woman is still struggling for acceptance.

Not that I believe any longer in the old bogy of "sex antagonism" in business or public life.

When I was first appointed to my present post I felt convinced that I should experience some difficulties through this antagonism.

What I found, however, amazed me. Men were neither angry nor, it seemed, surprised at my invasion of what had hitherto been an exclusively male realm.

They welcomed me freely and splendidly, and I realised then what I have since found again and again: that the average man doesn't begrudge woman her success at work a little bit, and as long as she sticks to her job and carries it out conscientiously and well she can rely on his support every time.

The big thing for women to remember is that there is no royal road to success in business or in any other form of public enterprise, other than that of hard work and concentration.

Fight for it

The women who are to-day holding down big jobs have not "dropped" into them. And having gained them, they have had to work harder than ever to hold them.

We have heard much lately of the need of youth to lead modern enterprise, of the £10,000 a year jobs waiting for youngsters to come and fill them.

Well, I am not too sure of the wisdom of the doctrine.

Youth is hot-headed—there must be experience to balance it—and I believe that the big jobs must be won only after a good, long fight.

One of the chief essentials of success is to be a good stayer, and no amount of youthful brilliancy is going to be enough unless there is real, individually-gained experience to back it up.

Particularly is this the case when women are concerned.

A sound education, followed by wide experience "on the spot," is necessary before a woman is fitted to tackle a big public or commercial post.

Pioneering

She must give up more than a man, too, in the pursuit of success in her work. Outside interests must not be allowed to intrude to the same extent that they can with a man.

She has not yet had time to gain that background of experience which makes it possible for a man to concentrate on his work, *and on his pleasures*, without any great loss to his efficiency at either.

The "big job" woman can never forget that she is a pioneer, and that the reputation, not only of herself, but of her sex, is in her keeping.

It is this probably more than anything else that makes her put all she knows into her work, that makes her strive with all she's got for success.

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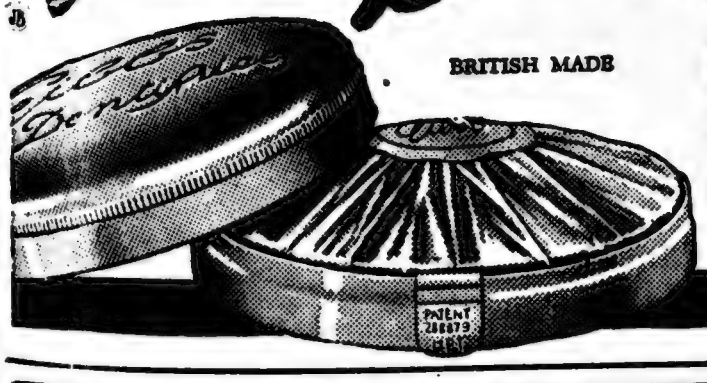


BRITISH MADE

Popular size 7½d.; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 1d.

For those who prefer a paste, Gibbs Dental Cream — in Tubes 6d. and 1/-

(These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.)

D & W. GIBBS Ltd. LONDON, E.1.

G.D. 458

£650

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 77.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following fourteen competitors, who share the prize offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £42 17s. 2d. will be despatched:—

T. Connelly, 80, Clifford Street, Ibrox, Glasgow.
J. G. Carlyle, Murrayfield Place, Blackburn, W. Lothian.
F. R. Case, 31, Hillman Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.
Mrs. Crispin, 142, Walton Road, Manor Park, E.12.
J. R. Day, 130, Raikes Lane, Birstall, Nr. Leeds.
H. Drury-Courtnay, "Magdala," Bickington, Barnstaple.
Mrs. L. Fricker, 30, Tivoli Place, Little Horton, Bradford, Yorks
A. Harris, 134, Stepney Green, London, E.
L. Llewelyn, "Danyrogof," Penycae, Swansea.
G. A. Milam, 189, May Street, Basingstoke.
T. Miller, 2, Granville Terrace, Eastham, Wirral, Cheshire.
J. Mills, 93, Buildings Street, Hucknall, Notts.
C. F. Webb, 1, Mindrum Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Mrs. A. Wilson, 35, Talbot Road, Ladybarn, Manchester.

Solutions containing one error were received from 114 competitors, who share the additional £30, each receiving £5s. 1od., and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Another £600 Crossword appears on Page 32.

Try your skill now.

FURNISH AT DRAGES ON NO DEPOSIT

GUARANTEE

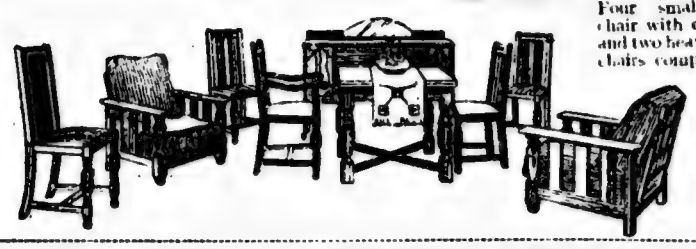
I guarantee to deliver to every approved account whatever article is chosen either from this advertisement or from our large general catalogue carriage paid to any address in Great Britain, directly only one monthly instalment is paid.

Sidney Drage

Chairman, Drages, Ltd.

HARWICH GROUP

A very massive dining-room group, comprising 5 ft. heavy oak sideboard with bulbous legs and frameless mirror at back. The table is 3 ft. x 3 ft. when closed, and 5 ft. x 3 ft. when fully extended. Four small and one carver chair with drop-in Rexine seats, and two heavy adjustable oak easy chairs complete the group.



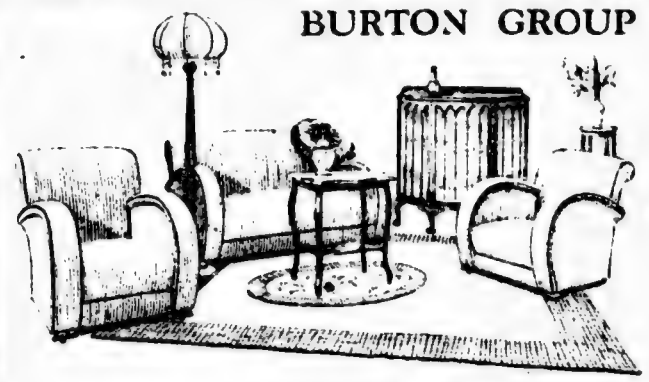
GROUP COMPLETE £35 10s.

SEND ONLY **15/-**

15/- Monthly After

BURTON GROUP

A Drawing Room of Distinction comprises a 3-piece Suite of novel design in plain grey moquette trimmed black, a Mahogany Semi-circular China Cabinet with glass door and lined cream damask. A richly inlaid Occasional Table completes the suite.



COMPLETE £49 10 0
Cabinet £16 2 6. Aberdeen Suite £32 17 6.
Settee £15 15 0. Easy Chairs £9 15 0 each.
Table £1 12 6.

SEND ONLY. **25/-**

25/- Monthly After.

LYNDHURST GROUP

A particularly useful bedroom group in dark oak, comprising 2 ft. 6 in. wardrobe with hanging and concealed trays, Dressing table with 2 drawers and large frameless mirror, Dressing chest and 1 chair. Suite £14 10s. od. A well-constructed bedstead to oak to match, wire spring, overlay, bolster and 2 pillows, 40s. od.

GROUP COMPLETE £22 10s.

10/- Monthly After.

SEND **10/-** ONLY.

The DORKING SUITE

Very handsome 3-Pillow Suite, consisting of most comfortable Settee and 2 Easy Chairs, with well-sprung edges and loose seat Cushions filled with feather down. In variety of lovely Silk Damask coverings. Settee £10 10s. Armchairs £6 15s. each

Complete £23 10 0

10/- Monthly After.

SEND **10/-** ONLY

DELEMANT CONSOLE.

In oak finish. A "Goldenphone" model. Record cupboard, 12 in. turntable. Double-spring silent-running British-made motor. Height 2 ft. 8 in. Width 2 ft. 5 in.

PRICE £8 17 6

SEND ONLY **8/-**

8/- Monthly After.

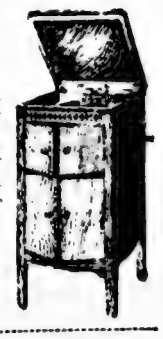
In Mahogany £10 10 0
In Walnut ... £11 11 0

SEND 10/- ONLY.

10/- Monthly After.

LAVETTE CABINET.

"Goldenphone" Series. Beautiful oak-finished cabinet Record cupboard. Powerful British-made Motor. "Grandtone" soundbox. Height 2 ft. 11in. Width 1 ft. 4 in. Britain's best gramophone value.



PRICE £4 18 6

SEND ONLY **5/-**

5/- Monthly After.

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(i.) Gramophones. (ii.) Pianos. (iii.) Furniture. (iv.) Wireless.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

J.B.6.9. _____

Cut out and post in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope to DRAGES LTD., 230, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Open from 9—6.30 (including Saturdays). Close Thursdays 1 p.m.
Next door to Holborn Tube Station. 'Phone: Holborn 3655

LOOK HERE George
If you must use ERASMIC Shaving Stick— buy one yourself. Don't collar mine!
ERASMIC SHAVING STICK 1/-
WHY THEYR'E SO KEEN ON ERASMIC
1 A shilling stick lasts more than four months.
2 Effective with hot or cold water.
3 Gives lather firmly supports all hairs from top to base.
4 Its special ingredients soothe the skin, producing a delightful after-shave sensation.
ER. 105-106

GREAT BARGAIN FOR MEN
THE IDEAL BOOT
for Dockers, Porters Packers, Field Workers, Plate Layers, Engine Cleaners, Roundsmen, all employed in the Building Trade, etc.
This is all one piece of solid leather ensures upper being watertight
FOR 1/- DOWN
Marked at 29/11 4,000 to clear at 19/11
Goods Carriage Paid.
A Pair of Boots that will give you real comfort and long wear. Dull Chrome Derby with English Butt sole, sewn and steel bredded. Stormproof tongue. Thoroughly watertight. Guaranteed for 12 months hard wear. Send 1/- (no further payment until you have had the boots one month) then 4/- monthly to complete the purchase.
JOHN BLANFORD, LTD. (Dept. J.B.A.)
1, 3 & 5, Bath St., City Road, London, E.C. 1

The Government Beauty-Doctor provides—

Some use for Scotland—"a third of the new trees scattered there"

GREEN WHISKERS *for* Britain

THERE is one arm of the State that has a faery hand. It is waving a magic change over the face of the British countryside, adding new dignity, lending new beauty and enchantment.

Four thousand strong, silent men of His Majesty's Forestry Commission are quietly but effectively dressing the lonely places with scores of acres of trees, laying the foundations of new and vast forests.

They have been at it now since the war, and over £3,000,000 of public money has been spent on the job.

Already, by rail and road, the observant traveller may glimpse the men-high heralds of the dense regiments of pines, larches and firs that, well within the lifetime of the now middle-aged, will tower majestically against the sky.

This lovely gift to posterity is an unconscious one, for the Forestry Commission is not concerned with beauty, but utility.

Its objective, of course, is to produce more British timber. Our home supply at the moment is only 5 per cent. of our needs. The colossal remainder is imported.

Something like £60,000,000 worth of timber and wooden commodities enter this country annually.

It is not generally realised that during the war as many ships were engaged in bringing timber to Britain as were engaged in bringing food.

But the Empire has vast timber resources. Within its confines are 1,800,000 square miles of forests, an area equal to the whole of India.

Leading Europe

Such forests are one of the Empire's greatest undeveloped assets. America, for instance, consumes hardwoods at a rate four times in excess of home production.

The time must come when she will be eager to buy such timber in huge quantities from abroad, and for this reason it is imperative that American speculators should not acquire controlling interests in our colonial forests.

The Colonial Office, the Dominions and the colonies are not blind to such facts. A Unified Colonial Forests Service is being developed in place of separate and scattered colonial forestry departments.

Meanwhile, though Britain can never hope to produce anything approaching an adequate home supply, she has the biggest and most ambitious planting programme in Europe.

Few countries in the world rival the activity of the Forestry Commission.

During the next ten years, £9,000,000 at least will be spent by the commission in furthering its aims; employment in the industry will increase, and the results of the early plantings will be more generally recognised.

Including the former Crown woods—which were transferred in 1924—the commission has, to date, acquired 630,000 acres of land, of which over 396,000 acres are plantable.

To the end of last season 159,000 acres had been planted by the commission, while subsidised local authorities and private individuals have planted an additional 760,000 acres.

The former Crown Woods comprise 120,000 acres, of which some 62,000 acres are carrying timber or are under forestal treatment.

A glance at the beflagged map in the headquarters of the commission in the West End of London is vividly illustrative of the nation-wide character of the scheme, and of how the face of the countryside is being "lifted."

The forests-to-be are scattered here, there and everywhere—north, south, east and west; coastal and inland; fringing famous towns and cities and deep in the heart of rural regions.

At your back door

A third of them are in Scotland, where the glories of highland scenery will be even more intensified by sweeping miles of imposing trees.

In a few years it will be next to impossible to travel far in any direction without encountering the maturing splendour of His Majesty's forests.

For the most part, the land has been leased for 99 years, at rentals of a few shillings an acre per year.

Landowners not indifferent to an augmented income, but, at the same time, sentimentally reluctant actually to sell any part of their estate, are thus agreeably accommodated.

Land that has been lying idle then becomes a source of income without the owner parting with the "broad acres" that are his heritage and his son's inheritance.

It is still "in the family," and at the same time is helping to fulfil a national need.

Crippling taxation and death duties have been the means of driving many a harassed landowner to raise ready money by the sale of the timber on his estate, and he has not always troubled or been able to replant on the denuded ground.

It is part of the commission's object to compensate the countryside for such fellings, and but for this wonderful piece of State enterprise, the beauty of many parts of the country would undoubtedly suffer.

A fascinating side of the commission's activities is the scheme for the establishment on an elaborate scale of forest-workers' holdings—a few acres of ground, house and outbuildings all complete, where a sturdy forester and his family may settle contentedly, delighting in their "one-cow" estate.

This scheme has been in operation for over five years, and so far no fewer than 744 holdings have been completed,

Follow the dots on this map and you can go and see the newest forests

while the work of preparing a further 205 is now in progress.

The average cost of each holding is about £600. A modest rental is paid by the occupant, who certainly gets value for money.

The foresters who dwell in these delightful little homes have "gone back to the land" good and properly. Their children are growing up in the atmosphere of the land—and the forests.

A census taken recently revealed the fact that the foresters have, on an average, two children each, but many of them are still young in married life. An average of four is anticipated.

Many are ex-Servicemen, and there are few happier homes than theirs in the land—these settlers, who are really founding a new race of foresters.

Already the children love the forests, which, like themselves, are in their infancy. Nothing delights them more than to be permitted, as a special favour during holiday-time, to "lend a hand."

There is work in plenty for the foresters to do all the year round.

Planting, weeding and fencing round the forests against the invasion of rabbits and deer are but a few of the many tasks to which they must put their sturdy hands.

Scots pine and Corsican pine have been found to be the most successful species planted, but an abundance of Norway and Sitka spruces, larches and Douglas firs are under way, too. The soil of each chosen locality is carefully studied and the selection made accordingly.

Brer rabbit beat

When the forest scheme was first launched an arch-enemy of the commission was the rabbit. Even when the fencing round the forest was sunk into the ground, "bunny" dogmatically stuck to his principles of a free country and burrowed under.

An official thought that if a few feet of wire were laid flat on the ground skirting the outside of the fencing "bunny" would arrive at the conclusion that his way was barred.

And it was so! And is so. It never occurs to "bunny" that by retreating a few yards he can burrow under both the wire and the fence.

The forests will continue in perpetuity, for even when felling begins there will be compensatory planting. Undoubtedly this is one of the State's greatest gifts to posterity.

"MOONRAKER" EMPIRE CHEESE labels may be used.

D. 142

PRIZES

£212 IN PRIZES

1st PRIZE **£50**
2nd PRIZE **£20**
3rd PRIZE **£10**
4th PRIZE **£5**
5th PRIZE **£2**
250 PARCELS (each value 10/-) of DIPLOMA PURE FOODS

A flippant young flapper named Flo
Went a car ride with Bertie, her beau,
And they made quite a stir
Going 'sixty miles per'

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7)

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, September 19, 1930.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA
the ENGLISH CRUSTLESS **CHEESE**

Cheddar or Cheshire Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

'Betty!

Lend me one of your Reckitt's Bath Cubes I shall be getting a box of my own to-morrow!'

Roger prides himself on keeping very fit. And when he's going to have a bath now, it's always "Betty, you might lend me one of your bath cubes." He says a Reckitt's Bath Cube turns his tub into a real tonic—that when he's dry and dressed again, he's the kind of man he wants to be. Roger is right. Try how it feels to wallow in water that's soft as satin—water that pampers and pets you—and turns you out smooth and supple and radiantly clean.

Reckitt's Bath Cubes can be obtained in four perfumes—*Lily of the Valley, Lavender, Verbena* and *Essence of Flowers*—from all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc., at 2d. each or in cartons of 6 cubes for 1/-

RECKITT'S BATH CUBES

Healthful and Invigorating

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

BIRD'S CUSTARD

"It's so nutritious"

Something to sing about"

V.62

VAPEX
INHALANT

Everybody knows that "Vapex" is good for colds, but the "Magic Drop" has many other valuable uses.

Keep "Vapex" at hand in the summer as well as in winter, because it will enable you to avoid

Summer Headaches

which are very depressing. Vapex may be applied to the forehead with the finger or cotton wool. In a close "muggy" atmosphere the refreshing "Vapex" vapour quickly dispels the "stuffiness."

Travel Fatigue

The air of railway carriages, buses, and ships' cabins is apt to become very oppressive. Breathe "Vapex" from your handkerchief to keep the head clear—the penetrating vapour is wonderfully refreshing.

Toothache

In an emergency temporary relief may be obtained by rubbing the gum gently with the finger or cotton wool moistened with "Vapex."

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.,
BARDSLEY VALE

ARE YOU MIDDLE-AGED?

"I am so anxious about my health." Many women of middle age make this remark, and with very good cause.

This time of trial, with its attacks of faintness and palpitation, fits of depression, violent headaches and back pains, needless fears and emotions, is rightly dreaded by women; but if reasonable steps are taken to safeguard the health, no serious ill-effects will arise. At this turning point of life Dr. Williams' pink pills have given a helping hand to thousands of suffering women who were fighting a helpless battle against poor health and waning strength.

The very best help for any woman of middle age is a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills have a valuable strengthening effect, arising from the fact that they reinforce the blood supply. In doing so they help to nourish the starved and overtaxed nerves, and give new strength and vitality to the whole system. By this natural process all pains and weaknesses are completely dispelled by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and a better, happier condition of health and spirits arises.

FREE. Every woman of middle age should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

A BOOMERANG OF Stolen Love

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s £1 1s., and 10s. 6d

OVER twenty years ago I was engaged in work which took me to a small town in the North-West Province of India. There I met and was introduced to the young wife of a prominent official in the Medical Corps.

She was absolutely the most lovely girl I had ever met, and I was head over ears in love with her from the first moment I entered their home.

The husband's duties took him far and wide over the province, and during his absences I confess I made love to his wife.

In the Indian summer nights it is not difficult to find romance, and it was not long before the lady admitted returning my affection. But that was as far as she would go. She preferred loyalty, and declared in unmistakable tones that she would never leave her husband.

Time went on, and unrest began to manifest itself among the natives.

One day a border tribe swept down upon a settlement not far away. There was fighting, and my friend's husband had to hurry away. He did not return, and rumour stated that he had been taken prisoner and murdered by the border men.

This, in the circumstances, did not appear likely, and I did not believe a word of the story. Nevertheless, it suited admirably my purpose.

I took the story to my girl friend as one that had been verified, and warned her that hostilities were likely to break out near us at any moment.

Terrified, and fully believing that her husband had perished, she consented to flee. We left the town with a caravan starting at night for the hills, and eventually landed in Bombay.

Here we settled down, and I was able to provide comfortably for the girl. But when the question of marriage arose, the truth had to be faced.

I was forced to admit that the story of her husband's death was unproven, and soon after she had quite indubitable testimony that he was alive.

We proceeded to America, and there we lived some years as man and wife. There also our son was born.

We are now in England, and our boy, a fine young fellow in his early twenties, tells me he has engaged himself to a girl recently arrived in London.

To my horror I find this girl is the daughter of a fellow officer in the same corps as the man I wronged.

Her parents are bound to recognise me, should we meet, and the whole story of the past, about which my son knows nothing, will come out.

How can I avoid the exposure?

"HUMANIST" says: No man can escape the consequences of his sins; but he needn't add to them by forcing himself into company where his absence is more desirable. Leave the young people to shape their own course.

A STRANGER
at the graveside

A HARD-WORKING man, I find it a big struggle to make ends meet. Through illness, short time, and low wages when in work, my wife and I have little joy in life.

This is the harder to bear because my mother has recently inherited property that put her and father on to a level where real comfort is possible. Father, I think, would always have liked to help me, but mother, who doesn't like my wife, tightened her purse-strings.

My two sisters married well, and, tutored by mother, ignored me.

Then came the day when father was stricken by a mortal illness. He was in bed for three weeks, and just before his death he sent for me.

He told me where I should find a sum of money he had put by, his own savings, and pressed it into my hands as his "last gift."

During the funeral preparations my mother accused me of stealing this money, ordered me from the house, and said she could not have me attend the last sad ceremony as one of the family, and, indeed, never wanted to see me again.

People wonder why I stood apart watching the burial as a neighbour might.

But how can I possibly explain? Above all, what steps can I take to convince my mother and sisters of their terribly unjust accusations?

"HUMANIST" says: You must trust your character to prove your words. Your experience is a warning to all who have sixpence to leave to pass on to their heirs by a properly attested document prepared by a lawyer.

HER SISTERS
in the swim

AS a woman overlooker in a large factory I have charge of most of the work done by one hundred and eighty girls. Among them are my two younger sisters. One part of my duty is to watch the girls file out at night and search any I suspect of carrying out goods.

A lot of thieving has been going on lately, and I was surprised to trace this to three of my nicest girls. I held them back and talked to them.

I was obliged to warn the three that it was my bounden duty to report them to our employer. They replied that if I did so they would turn the table on me, for my sisters were as deep in the mud as they were.

Taken aback, I sent them off, telling them to report to me in the morning as I must talk to my sisters of what had been alleged.

After trying for some time to braze it out, both my sisters admitted that they made a regular practice of helping themselves to what they fancy, adding that they got out of the difficulty by passing out goods to someone waiting below a window before they passed me on their way out.

I warned them, and, rather than lose them their employment, decided to let sleeping dogs lie. So with the other three offenders.

But I know from their saucy looks that they understand the reason for my leniency, and are taking advantage of that fact to annoy me.

They "cheek" me before the other girls, pay no attention to their work, and in every way are making themselves a nuisance.

I feel I have been weak, but I am handicapped by the fact that my widowed and invalid mother depends upon our earnings, and I dread any of us being thrown out of work.

"HUMANIST" says: It will be no ultimate help to your mother if you are lax in your duties. Make it clear that if there is any more thieving you will accuse them of theft, no matter what the consequences may be.

So far as the factory is concerned treat your sisters kindly but impartially, just as you would other girls.

by Our Own Expert—

Exclusive SOCCER FORECASTS

Matches played September 6

Watch him—The 'Spurs' new skipper—W. Messer

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Sheffield United v. Wednesday.
**(2) ARSENAL v. Leeds.
(3) PORTSMOUTH v. Sunderland.
(4) ASTON VILLA v. West Ham.
(5) NEWCASTLE v. Grimsby.
(6) BLACKBURN v. Blackpool.
(7) Middlesbrough v. Liverpool.
*(8) CHELSEA v. Manchester U.
(9) MANCHESTER C. v. Leicester.
(10) DERBY v. Birmingham.
*(11) HUDDERSFIELD v. Bolton.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) WOLVES v. Tottenham.
(2) BARNSLEY v. Bradford C.
(3) Stoke v. Oldham.
*(4) BRADFORD v. Notts Forest.
(5) SOUTHAMPTON v. Burnley.
(6) Bristol City v. Port Vale.
*(7) BURY v. Plymouth.
(8) READING v. Preston.
(9) CARDIFF v. W.B. Albion.
**(10) EVERTON v. Swansea.
(11) CHARLTON v. Millwall.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

(1) Watford v. Swindon.
(2) BOSCOMBE v. Southend.
(3) Torquay v. Gillingham.
**(4) BRENTFORD v. Bristol R.
(6) Thames v. WALSALL.
(6) CLAPTON ORIENT v. Coventry.
(7) NOTTS COUNTY v. Fulham.
(8) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Luton.
(9) Norwich v. Q.P. Rangers.
**(10) NORTHAMPTON v. Newport.
*(11) BRIGHTON v. Exeter.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

(1) YORK v. Chesterfield.
*(2) CARLISLE v. Barrow.
(3) WREXHAM v. Accrington.
(4) CREWE v. Rochdale.
(5) WIGAN v. Halifax.
(6) DONCASTER v. Rotherham.
(7) TRANMERE v. Southport.
(8) Hartlepools v. New Brighton.
(9) Nelson v. DARLINGTON.
*(10) HULL CITY v. Gateshead.
(11) Lincoln v. STOCKPORT.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) St. Mirren v. RANGERS.
(2) AIRDRIEONIANS v. Clyde.
**(3) PARTICK v. East Fife.
*(4) AYR UNITED v. Hibs.
*(5) MOTHERWELL v. Kilmarnock.
**(6) CELTIC v. Aberdeen.
(7) Leith Athletic v. Queen's Park.
(8) Cowdenbeath v. FALKIRK.
(9) HEARTS v. Morton.
(10) Dundee v. Hamilton.

WINNERS IN CODE

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Saturday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—2(*H*); Div. II.—10(*H*): Southern Section—4(*H*), 10(*H*), 5(*A*); Scottish League—3(*H*), 6(*H*). This would indicate Arsenal, Everton, Brentford, Northampton, Partick and Celtic at home and Walsall away.

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WE HAVE SOLD WATCHES FOR OVER 100 YEARS & OUR REPUTATION & SERVICE ARE BEHIND EVERY ONE WE SELL

Hallmarked 18 Ct. Solid Gold 16 Jewel lever movement On Moire Band £8·8·0

On 18 Carat Solid Gold Expander £12·12·0

Hallmarked 18 Ct. Red and White Gold High Grade. 16 Jewel lever movement. Engraved Case £7·7·0

Hallmarked Solid Gold Case. 15 Jewel compensated lever movement. On Solid Gold Milanese Bracelet £5·5·0

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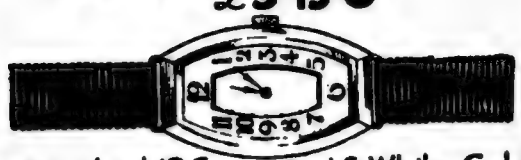
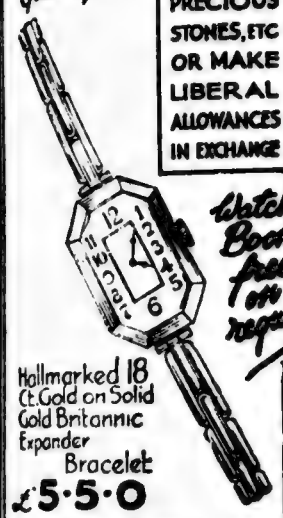


Hallmarked 18 Carat Red & White Gold 15 Jewel lever movement on Moire Band £8·8·0

On fine 18 Ct. Gold Milanese Expander Bracelet £11·10·0



Watch Book, free on request

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See

The "GRAND PARADE"

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Helen Twelvetrees and Fred Scott

Now playing everywhere following its triumphant premiere run at the Capitol Theatre, London.

Other P.D.C. Talking Pictures you must not miss.

Playing Shortly:

"HIS FIRST COMMAND."
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The Gripping Love Romance

PLAYER'S "DIGGER" SHAG

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DIGGER HONEY DEW
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DIGGER FLAKE
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7½ d. PER OUNCE

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The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco

Why dogs
SCRATCH excessively
in LATE SUMMER

AT the end of August most dogs are in poor condition due to frequent overheating during the summer months. Their blood-stream is sluggish and is accumulating food impurities, which set up a terrible itching sensation under the skin and make the dog scratch furiously and hopelessly for relief.

You can stop your dog scratching, whenever you wish, by giving him the blood corrective which famous Breeders and Fanciers give to their dogs. Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders purify and refresh the blood and tone up the whole system, curing and preventing all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as *Excessive Scratching, Listlessness, Loss of Appetite, Loose Coat, Eczema and Gouty Eczema.* See the difference condition makes to your dog. Give him Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders *to-day.*

6d. per packet of 9 powders, 1/- per box of 18, from Dog Biscuit Shops, Chemists & Stores.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Since 1892 the best-known dog remedy

Packed in 3 strengths:—LARGE (for Alsatians, etc.). MEDIUM (for Terriers). SMALL (for Puppies and Toy Dogs).

Made (since 1892) by the makers of MartinMilk and other high-grade Dog Preparations. BOB MARTIN LTD., Southport, England.

"JOHN BULL" says :—

"DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.
are as
SAFE AS THE BANK"

TAKE OUR ADVICE
If you want to bet on
RACING
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Bet with
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227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

Our Letter Parliament

What TRADE UNIONS *have done* for ME

TRADE Unions have made me a sceptic. After inspiring me with a whole-hearted enthusiasm for the workers' cause, they gave me a thirst for knowledge.

This taught me that every question is one-sided, and that in order to get benefit worth 5s. I must contribute £1.

I discovered that mass selfishness is worse than individualism. The well-trained union leader can now take his stand with the politician and help to lead the workers up the garden.—*T. P. Kane, Coventry.*

Able to Rule

Trade Unionism has made me a more sensible, hard-headed, matter-of-fact individual, yet with a tolerant and sympathetic spirit.

Since our leaders have justified their position in the political arena as a capable and trustworthy party governing the British Empire, it has given me a sense of dignity.

We desire to do our best for the emancipation of the worker, to avoid a state of idleness, and to enjoy those things which are essential to the development and the full stature of a man in mind and body.—*W. H. P., Scunthorpe.*

No Slave, but—

The trade union has kept my wages at such a level that I have at least been able to keep body and soul together—something to be grateful for.

On the other hand, when I was recommended for a responsible and confidential position the fact that I was a Trade Unionist knocked me out of the running, and I remain a mere machine.

Still, after all, I am not the slave I might have been had the employers' federations, combines and trusts had no Trade Unions to consider.—*H. H. S., Oldham.*

To Live

When I was working, Trade Unionism allowed me to take pleasure in my job—it drove away the spectre of insecurity and put friends behind me.

Now that I am superannuated, I can rest, trouble-free—and live longer to bless the trades unions!—*Albert A. Ruse, London.*

Some Good "Nots"

In my twenty-five years as a member, Trade Unions have not deserted me at any time. They have not made me contribute more than I could afford.

They have not, willingly, made me go on strike. They have not made me an agitator, therefore they have not made me a Communist.

They have not backed me up when I have been in the wrong. They have not narrowed my outlook on life, and they have not made me a disloyal subject.—*A. Bass, Blackburn.*

"Cowardly"

Before the unions' power grew, my home was happy and secure on a small but assured income.

Now I live in dread that my husband's employers will be the next to close the mill.

I blame the unions for industry's plight, and even were I proved to be wrong, I should never cease to revile them for that cowardly blow at the nation's heart—the General Strike.—*Mrs. M. E. H., Flints.*

A Higher Note

As a lifelong musician, I appreciate the improvement that the Musicians' Union has made in the life of the average professional.

Thirty years ago, musicians in most Provincial theatres received a miserable pittance to live upon.

Unorganised, helpless, they were exploited to the utmost. They were forced to do bill-posting and door-shouting, and to sweep the stage for "salaries" of 15s. to 20s. a week.

Thanks to co-operation, our standard has risen gradually but surely.—*L. R. P., Cardiff.*

The Other Fellow

My union did me the finest service imaginable when they called me out during the General Strike, in so-called sympathy to the miners' cause.

They opened my eyes to the fact that my employers were human beings, inasmuch as when the strike was over they, with the whip hand, took us back on practically our old conditions of service, in spite of the fact that we had stabbed them in the back.

I now look at b... sides of the pi... —the employer ... the employees ... *King, Hanwell*

Slackers

Trade U... have :—

Ensured me a be... wage and fairer ho... and condition... *Good.*

Obtained for ... the same pay ... conditions as ... mates, even if ... are better workers—*Rotten.*

Dealt with the indifferent master a fair and square way—*Good.*

Left the indifferent man to carry in his old way, making trouble almost everybody—*Rotten.*

Convinced me that Trade Un... should create incentive by establish... minimum instead of standard rates, a... also deal with the bad worker instead shielding him as at present.—*A. Austin, Burton-on-Trent.*

An Empire Passport

Without interfering with my individuality, my union makes me one a brotherhood of skilled craftsmen.

The money I pay into it is return... in sick benefit and trade information, in comradeship, too, and a measure security.

By affiliation with oversea unions keeps its members posted in trade co... ditions and wages abroad.

My "O.K." card gave me entrance the unions of South Africa, Austra... and New Zealand, and, after twen... years' work in those countries, back in my home branch. Union is inde... strength!—*Bookbinder, Belfast.*

Mother and Father

The Compositors' Union has ensu... me a living wage; a pension of £2 week at sixty, and generous out-of-w... pay. It finds me a job when I'm jo... less, safeguards me against fire; it w... help me to emigrate—and pay my ba... expenses.

It has three Members in Parliame... to see that I get fair play, and it relie... me from all anxiety of the future.

In short, it is my father and moth... and because of my Trade Union I a... not a wage-slave, but a self-respect... workman.—*Edward A. Gain, Up... Park, E.13.*

Stolen Birthright

Working loyally and well in the buil... ing trade for thirty years, I consider ... an Englishman, Trade Unions have tak... away my birthright.

I am compelled to be a union man a... receive the same rate of pay as me... whose main object is looking for Sat... day afternoons, meal-times or the late... betting news.

Because I do not fall in with the... views I am termed a blackleg.

I should like a system of payment... results.—*Jack, Somerset.*

The Bad Old Days

Men may talk about Trades Uni... officials basking in the sunshine of the... contributory members' efforts.

But when I look back, and recall m... father trudging workward, at 3 a.m., an... returning after I was snugly in bed, t... great benefits I have derived from m... trade union are obvious.

When I compare my own colliery e... perience with the bad old days, I s... trades unionism has given us all w... now enjoy.—*W. Tucker, Penrith.*

* * *

It Pays—

The employees in my trade w... accepted union conditions are creati... sales amounting to £7,000,000 a year... hence better conditions—better result... —*Nudawa, Lewisham.*

When they, as representatives ... Labour, join with Capital, instead ... fighting against it, they will begin ... help me.—*L. H., Rugby.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, Sept...

What the Empire Means to Me

Race with "Silver Ring"

SINGAPORE'S CHANCE

WHEN Singapore figured at 33 to 1, I recommended Lord Glanely's colt for the St. Leger.

By easy stages the price of the son of Gainsborough was cut in the ante-post lists to "sixteens," at which rate he entered the London market.

At the moment of writing, Singapore is on the 14-to-1 mark, and I expect his S.P. to be round about this rate—a nice price for an each-way wager.

I put Singapore on the map for the last of the season's "Classics" on his form with Rameses the Second at Goodwood. This, by the way, was enhanced recently at Hurst Park, when the Manton colt beat Silver Flare, the Derby fourth.

Singapore gave "Rameses" 10 lb. at Goodwood, and was pipped by a short head. "Rameses" gave Silver Flare 10 lb. at Hurst Park, and again won by a short head.

I see no reason why Singapore should not stay the distance at Doncaster. Backers condemn The Tetrarch blood for stamina races, but one cannot get away from facts. Caligula, Polemarch and Salmon Trout, direct sons of the flying grey, won the Leger.

The performance of Diolite's "schoolmaster," Coaster, in the "Ebor," will probably strengthen the support for the Derby failure, but as Diolite did not last a mile and a half at Epsom I cannot see why he should be expected to do better over a greater distance at Doncaster.

I take Ut Majeur, from the all-conquering Whatcombe stable, as a second string. He has been doing long-distance work at a sweating pace on the training grounds, which is proof positive that he has recovered from the coughing which necessitated a hold-up in his preparation.

Oletta is my selection for the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester. I suggest Balmy Breeze and Arran Beg for the Saturday "double."

Captain Hogg trains Singapore

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

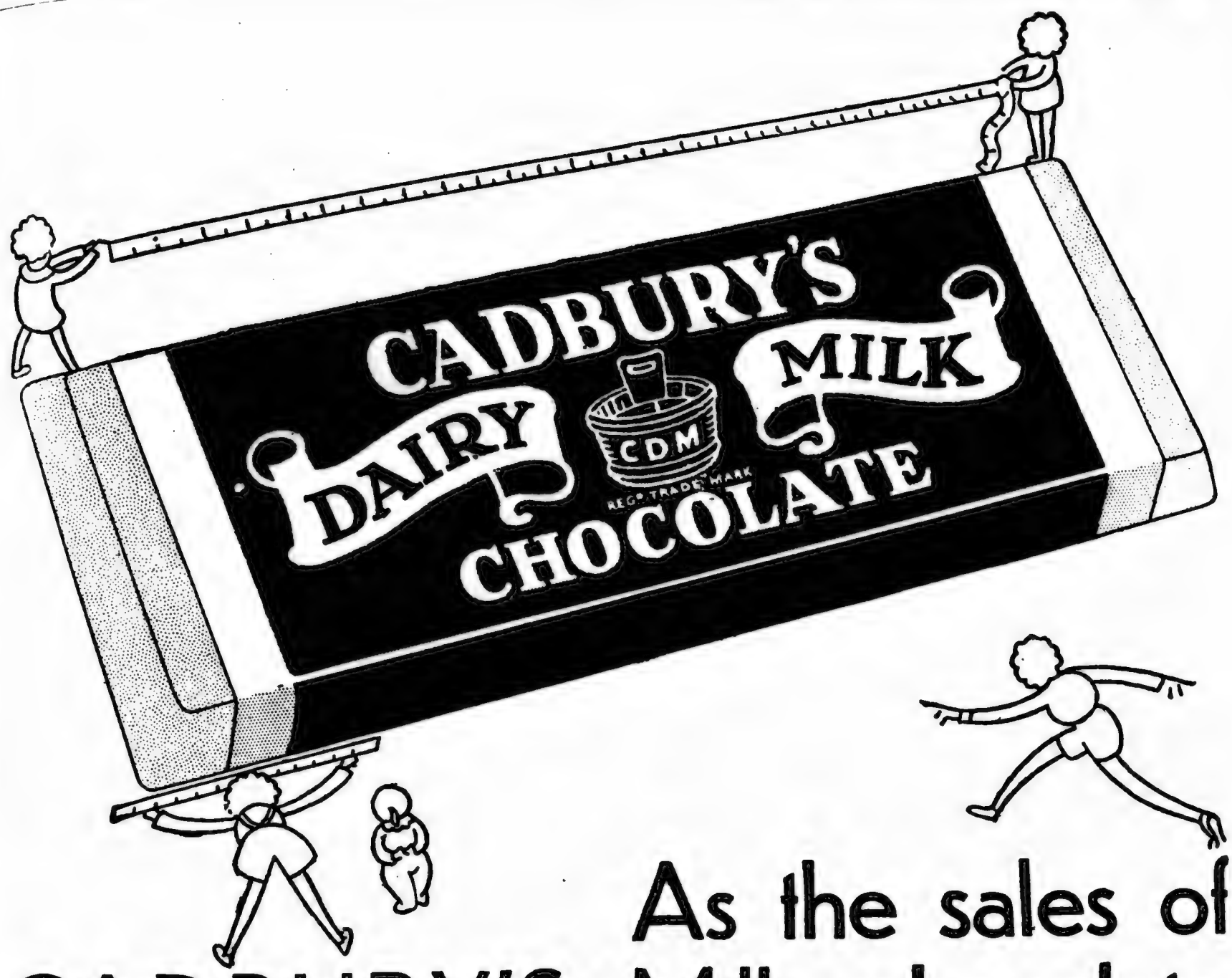
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 4, to Wednesday, September 10 :—

B A Q X T L 3 R D 5 C F M E O

N W K 2 S 9 H I G U Y P V J Z

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. YZWTSJI would read COASTER.

"SILVER RING"



As the sales of CADBURY'S Milk chocolate have gone up and up . . .

the 2D. bar has grown BIGGER and BIGGER . . .

Since 1920, the weight of the 2d. bar of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate has increased by 75 per cent, which means that to-day you are getting *nearly twice as much* for your money!

and that's why you'll say

"I . . WANT . . CADBURY'S"

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Great New Discovery.

Wonderful New Treatment that Corrects Deficiencies in the Blood.

Long and patient research work has at last revealed the true cause of leg troubles—a deficiency in the blood—and an entirely new treatment is the result.

Nothing even remotely resembling the New Elasto Treatment has ever been offered to the public before. This wonderful treatment actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health*. It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto cures varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

FREE SAMPLES

For John Bull Readers!

An interesting descriptive booklet, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials will be sent, post free, privately, to all JOHN BULL readers, or their friends, on receipt of name and address. Write for these to-day, now! or send 5/- for a complete month's treatment with all particulars (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes.

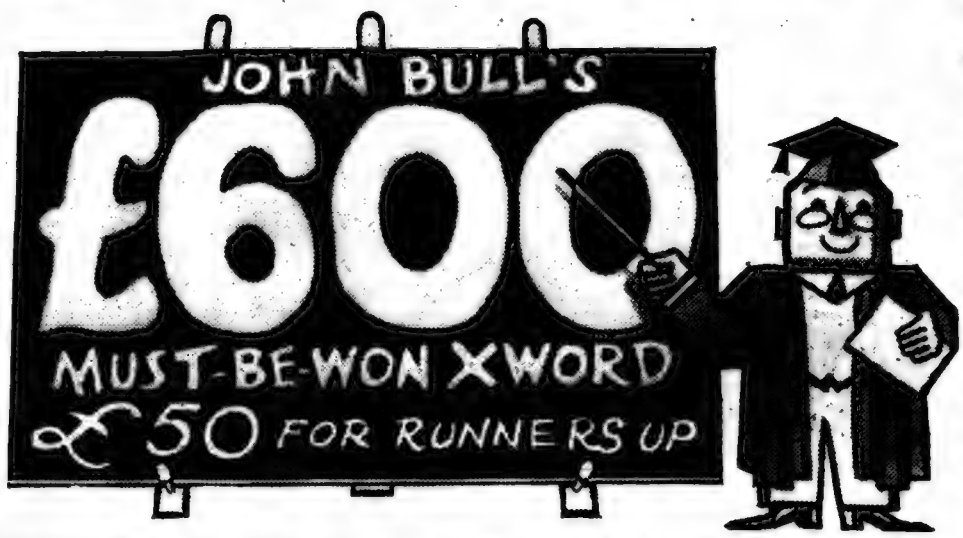
Here is your opportunity to regain health and happiness—grasp that opportunity NOW!

The New Era Treatment Co. (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

It's a GOOD SUM to win—

HERE'S a good round sum in hard cash waiting for someone to win it. If you put on your thinking cap and master the clues that "sum-won" may be you! Then you'd be able to reduce your liabilities, multiply your good times, divide your benefactions and thus add materially to your feeling of contentment.



Increased First Prize again this week!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 80 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), Sept. 11th. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, September 18th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, September 25th. Result of Crossword No. 77 appears on page 25.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 80), 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, September 11th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, September 25th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 30th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), September 11th.

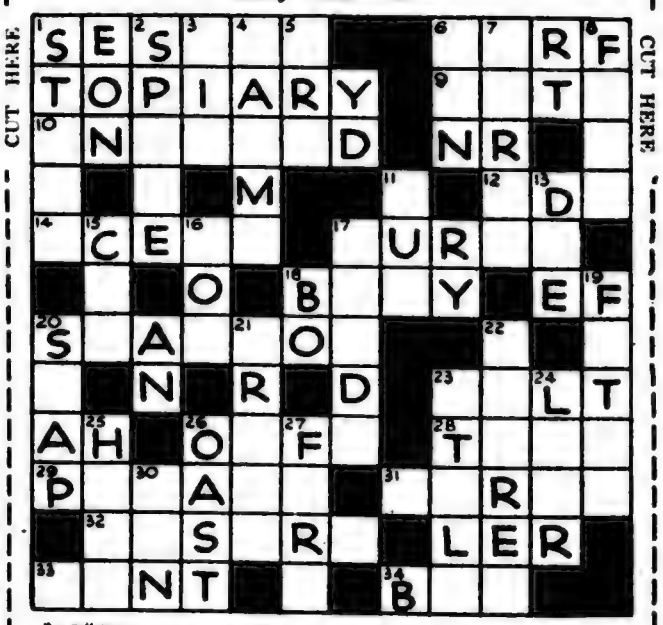
CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 80

Entry Form "A."

"J.B."80, *Do not separate these forms.*

Entry Form "B."



"J.B."80

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), September 11th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

1. THE MAGIC WORD, "OPEN, ——"
6. SLAVE.
9. PREPOSITION MEANING "IN."
10. DEFENCELESS.
12. UNEVEN.
14. A PLAYLET.
17. DESCRIBES AVERAGE BULLY
18. YOUNG CHILD.
20. TRAINS STOP AT.
23. THE SEA IS.
26. IDIOTS.
28. GROWING TIMBER.
29. VEGETABLE.
31. A WORKER MAY BE.
32. GREED FOR MONEY MAKES.
33. SLIT.
34. WE SLEEP ON IT.

Clues Down.

1. CARELESS HUBBY DROPS THEM.
2. GARAGE SUPPLIES TO MOTORIST.
3. ATMOSPHERE.
4. CHILD CALLS ITS MOTHER.
5. BEFORE.
6. WICKEDNESS.
7. ENTER ON A LIST.
8. FARMER PROVIDES FOR SHEEP.
11. CHARLADY'S WORKING DAY INCLUDES.
13. STAIN.
15. FAMILIAR SIGHT IN MOST HOMES.
16. NEGATIVE.
17. SEEN AT THE SEASIDE.
19. BRIDEGROOM IS, AFTER WEDDING.
20. TEACHERS DO, SOMETIMES.
21. ANGRY.
22. WHEN ROADS NEED REPAIRS THEY ARE THIS
23. HELP LAME DOG OVER THIS
24. UNPLEASANT LOOK.
25. ABODE.
27. SOMETIMES ENCOUNTERED ALONG A STREAM.
30. METAL.

Chamber's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 78

JB 78

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 78 is given here with as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

A. B. (Sutton).—"*At a recent wedding the happy couple passed under an archway of rolling-pins.*" *But probably even without this the bride-groom would have realised that he had commenced married life.*

G. F. (Purley).—"I can write no more." Thank you.

T. P. (Tilbury).—"We live in an age of speed." Until we get fixed in a traffic jam.

T. D. (Esher).—"What is horse sense?" Knowing just when to back one.

T. L. (Uttoxeter).—"Money never goes very far." But it's very difficult to find it again.

M. H. (Sandwich).—"Playing golf last Saturday, I did the first hole in one." Hour?

ANNE (Chertsey).—"I blushed when my lover said I was beautiful." And well you might.

T. A. (Willesden).—"Men are much too interested in clubs." Women, of course, prefer diamonds.

T. S. (Liverpool).—"I could do nicely with another post." It would certainly be something to lean on.

L. C. (Bedford).—"Two pearls were found in the gutter." And there are many more up the spout.

M. S. (Leytonstone).—"I bought a pair of quilts on the instalment system." A little down each month.

H. R. (Salisbury).—"War does not determine who is right." No, but it often settles who is left.

P. N. (Crewe).—"A bandmaster was recently sued for breach of promise." Did he conduct his own case?

MRS. G. (Blackpool).—"I always give my husband a hot drink when he comes home from work." A cordial welcome.

H. M. (Chelsea).—"There is no back door through which you can crawl into Art." Yet very few come to the front.

T. D. (Elstree).—"Film actresses make a name for themselves at a very early age." And then they keep on changing it!

N. U. (Featherstone).—"Most singers are having a thin time this year." Violinists, however, are just scraping through.

T. J. (Brighton).—"Many men first meet their wives on a seaside holiday." And then they say that a seaside holiday is good for you.

K. A. (Birmingham).—"Is there anything more exasperating than to have a wife who can cook but won't do it?" Yes, indeed, to have one that can't cook and will do it.

J. M. B. (Edinburgh).—"In the days of the cave-dwellers, according to a historian, women were like wild cats, biting and scratching one another." Nowadays, they attend the sales.

D. B. (Ealing).—"I put some capital in a merry-go-round." You ought to get a fair return for your money.

L. C. (Maida Vale).—"I was offered £10 to go and sing in Manchester." By a music-lover in London?

T. L. (Westcliff).—"I try to write poetry, but I can't put fire into my verses." Then reverse the process.

SUN BATHER (Brighton).—"The upkeep of the Meteorological Department costs more each year." And yet the weather gets worse.

JEWELLER (Maidstone).—"Many people forget to wind up their watches before going to bed." Hence the silent watches of the night.

F. J. (London, W.).—"I enclose a photograph of my fiancé. He weighs 17 stone." We don't suppose you're bothering to have an enlargement.

T. H. (Doncaster).—"A scheme has been prepared for providing education by radio." Think of the joy of being able to play truant simply by turning a dial!

D. R. (Harrow).—"A suggestion has been made that a statue of Liberty should be erected in Chicago." If that does happen, the dear lady will have to put both hands up.

H. F. (Wimbledon).—"An old manuscript which has just come to hand says that Columbus was born in Milan, not Genoa." That does not, however, clear him of the more serious charge of having discovered America.

the editor replies

C. T. (Carlisle).—"I paid cash for the car." What an original idea!

G. F. (Purley).—"My wife is no saint." You have an ideal partner, then.

C. M. (Sale).—"I learn by my errors." You ought to know a good deal by now.

W. E. (Epsom).—"I cleaned up £500 last week." That was a tidy bit of work.

"The running track has made me hard as nails." And now you start from scratch?

C. T. (Amhurst).—"As the car rounded a corner I was thrown out." Left in the lurch, as it were.

O. C. (Stratford).—"A good batsman takes hours to dig himself in." A bad golfer is much quicker.

A. N. (Sheffield).—"My girl's father is only five feet high." So you are wanting to make a safety match of it.

ALF (Banff).—"What's the safest way to begin proposing to a woman?" Say you haven't a bean in the world.

T. K. (Deal).—"The greatest charm of the English girl is her fresh complexion." Yes, fresh several times a day.

G. L. (Glasgow).—"Is there such a thing as a ladder to prosperity?" Thousands—for artificial silk manufacturers.

A. T. (Kew).—"He can sleep at any time of the day and in any position." How long has he been in the Civil Service?

HARRY (Harrogate).—"The talkies have a bad influence on our language." They make one man's word as bad as another's.

OPTIMIST (Peckham).—"All the good things in life come to pass some time or the other." But they pass so quickly that one hasn't time to grab them.

L. N. (London, W.).—"I come of a very old and exclusive family." We suppose your ancestors had a separate ark in the Flood.

H. B. (Manchester).—"Is Prohibition really a success in America?" So far as we can see, it is the greatest blessing which ever menaced any nation.

D. W. (Glasgow).—"The brains of dead men reveal nothing." That is also quite true of the brains of quite a few who live and breathe.

RECTOR (Wimbledon).—"There are still people eager to shoulder other people's burdens." But they expect bigger tips than before.

G. K. (London, N.).—"A blue mosquito has been discovered." One theory is that this species bites only members of the most exclusive families.

G. G. C. (Darlington).—"Employers don't appreciate originality to-day." Let *Bullets* employ you this week—your salary may be the £2,000 cheque offered on page 35.

W. L. (Caister).—"I am writing a poem to 'The Little Flowers with their Lifted Faces.'" Gosh! Are they starting those tricks on flowers now?

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

W. R. (Dalston).—"Is this the way to spell 'financially'?" Yes, and "embarrassed" has two "r's."

L. N. (Epsom).—"As I write, the weather is quite balmy." So is your letter.

F. M. (Colchester).—"My wife only smiles at me when she wants money." Surely that't often enough for you!

SCRIBE (Chelsea).—"I've half a mind to write a novel." You'll need more than that.

F. L. (Reading).—"I have quite settled down in my new lodgings." Did you settle up in your old ones?

C. F. (Dover).—"I'm absolutely mad on the stage." Then we hope you'll keep off it.

T. J. (Brighton).—"I decided I was arguing with a fool." Did he make the same discovery?

H. C. (Grantham).—"I'm going abroad for my sciatica." Why not leave it there?

T. S. (Seaton).—"A model husband is an honest one who tells the truth." A model wife is a tactful one who believes him.

P. E. (Colchester).—"Is it quite decent, the amount of bare back some women show to-day?" We prefer the bare back to the cold shoulder.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2 6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS (Advt.): —"Experienced window LEANER wanted . . ."

DAILY EXPRESS: —"Board-residence, close sea; separate STABLES."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER:—"The bride is the younger SON of Mr. and Mrs. ——."

THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"A large number of FLAVOURED persons are being invited to inspect the airship."

DAILY MIRROR:—"6.40, organ recital DELAYED from Coventry Cathedral."

YORK EVENING PRESS: —"Ladies' Leatherette Stormproofs, Extra fine value, WHILE THEY LAST."

GOOLE TIMES:—"Each wore a GROOM and carried sweet peas and ASPARAGUS."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"An invention has been completed that will have a revolutionary effect on aviation and make a 'plane as easy to fly as a MOTOR-CAR."

HASTINGS EVENING ARGUS: —"The case ended with a sentence of three months' IMPROVEMENT."

NEWNES HOLIDAY ANNUAL: —"The holidaymakers . . . threw things at one another and ate oranges in a LOUD VOICE."

Thousands enjoy better holidays by removing CONSTIPATION

THIS

safe pleasant way!

Nothing ruins a holiday more completely than constipation. Nothing defeats constipation more thoroughly than Feen-a-mint. *The chewing does it.* Chew a Feen-a-mint and within a few hours constipation is gone! Feen-a-mint is thorough but gentle in action. No griping or strain; no unpleasant after-effects; absolutely non-habit-forming. Feen-a-mint is as good for children as it is for grown-ups. They love the cool mint flavour which makes it the ideal "hot-weather" laxative. Take a 1/3 packet away with you . . . It is easily carried in your handbag and is enough for several weeks.

Feen-a-mint

The chewing does it

Obtainable at every Chemist — 1/3 a box: or post free from the manufacturers BY RETURN OF POST.

★ FREE SAMPLE—obtainable by sending your name and address on a post card to FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LIMITED 15, Bush House, London, W.C.2

4 OUT OF 5 BULLETS FIRSTS WON BY "EVERYBODY'S" READERS!

That is the latest amazing record of success that has been achieved by readers of **EVERYBODY'S** in the past few weeks. Here are the names of the successful winners: Mr. L. Levens, of 228, Barking Road, London, who won the First Prize of

£3,000

and a motor-car in "Bullets" No. 765, who said: "I always take **EVERYBODY'S** as my guide." He made and entered his line in five minutes and won a colossal prize that will make him and his mother comfortable for life.

Mr. F. Gee, of the Naval and Military Club, Southend-on-Sea, who won £250 in "Bullets" No. 766; Mr. E. Morton, of Balerno, who won £400 in "Bullets" No. 768; and Mr. A. H. Jaques, of 19, May Terrace, Plymouth, who won the first prize of 400 guineas in "Bullets" No. 769. All are regular readers of **EVERYBODY'S.**

Big **EVERYBODY'S** successes in other competitions include

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE

won by Mr. T. W. David, of Cardiff, an **EVERYBODY'S** reader, in the "Sunday Graphic" Picture Puzzle contest, "Ad-Signs." **£1,000** won by Mrs. B. Hudson in the "People" Crossword No. 95.

EVERYBODY'S has been first and foremost with

FOOTBALL FORECASTS

for many years. They will be the **best again this season** because its expert is the most experienced and best informed in the country.

And this is not all. In addition to a complete competition section which gives you all the solutions and advice you need when you fill in your coupons, it is also an ideal holiday paper. You can

MAKE SURE OF SUNSHINE WITH EVERYBODY'S

for it is the brightest and breeziest two-penny paper in the country. Packed with just the features you need during the holiday weather—Bright pictures, amusing jokes, short stories and topical articles by the best-known artists and writers. There is not a dull moment in it. There are pages for Women with a special paper pattern service and a feature for children with special competitions for the little ones. The Sporting side of **EVERYBODY'S** is contributed by the best sporting writers in the country, including Thomas Moult, Percy Swaffer, etc. In addition you can get treated **FREE** by **EVERYBODY'S** Doctor, advised **FREE** by **EVERYBODY'S** Lawyer.

Make sure of your **EVERYBODY'S** by asking your newsagent to deliver it regularly to you, or send for a **FREE** specimen copy to "Everybody's, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Everybody's

the popular weekly

EVERYWHERE. 36 PAGES. 2d.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Miss Wistful EYES

a tragedy of the "unfortunates"

MABEL is a grave-eyed, serious little girl of seven. The circumstances of her home life are not calculated to make her cheerful.

The dread word "Workhouse" is whispered by her parents, and she knows what that means. Her eldest sister is already in a school under the local authorities. How long will it be before they are all there, and she is separated from her brothers?

She hears the whisper

When Mabel looks at her father she sees that his clothes are threadbare. If it is wet, he comes home with sodden feet; the soles of his boots are paper-thin.

Still, she is proud that he is an ex-Service man. It is true that, because of this, he suffers from heart trouble, for which he received a pension. But that was knocked off long ago. His doctor testifies that he is fit only for light work.

Her mother, who used to work, is going to have another child, and cannot earn money for a month or so.

But there's hope. Mabel's father is promised work with an ice-cream merchant. The pay is not too grand. He believes, however, that with commission he could make enough to keep them going. His need is a little help to pay the arrears of his rent, and to get himself, the wife and the children decently clothed.

He is not a man to waste money in any way. Undoubtedly, the reason for his present circumstances is, as he expressed it: "I am just unfortunate."

Subscriptions sent to the "Greatest of These . . ." Fund, earmarked for his case, will be passed on at once.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A. J. (Islington), 1s.; Billie, 4½d.; W. E. Hooper (Teignmouth), 2s. 6d.; C. E. W. (Grays), 2s. 6d.; Harold (Sutton Coldfield), 2s. 6d.; Shackerstone, 2s. 6d.; T. U. D. (Port Talbot), £s. 6d.; D. G. (Garland), 2s. 6d.; J. A. W. (Warwick), 1s.; Sympathiser (Egham), 2s. 6d.; C. H. at L. S., 5s.; A Reader (Bath), 5s.; E. and A. W., £1; G. L. C. (Gloucester), 2s.; C. C. (Easton-on-the-Hill), 6d.; Anon., 6d.; John Sadd (Ipswich), 6d.; Thankful (Wealdstone), 1s.; F. E. R. N. (Luton), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Amy, 2s. 6d.; Biddie's Sake, 2s. 6d.; Co-Jess, 9s.; James Innes (Gisborne, N.Z.), 10s.; Miss E. Boots (South Ealing), £5; Miss C. Chad (Wembley), 6d.; Anon. (Tipton), 6d.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 6d.; Mother, 1s.; M. Fairhurst, 1s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; M. A. Hollett (Enfield), 2s.; Romans 1.16 (Cardiff), 2s.; Anon. (Letchworth), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 2s. 6d.; Lucky, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Didsbury), 3s. 6d.; Blue and White, 1s.; J. B. H., 2s.; S. B. (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; May, May, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 12s. 6d.; Ex-Sapper 180863, £1; Mrs. F. Heath (Dovercourt Bay), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Ida Hodge (Bedford), 1s.; Mr. S. Ashford (Pontypridd), 2s.; Lucky Toko (Birkenhead), 1s.; Chadderton, 2s.; Kilmarnock, 2s. 6d.; J. Ball, 2s. 6d.; T. A. N., 5s.; B. S. (Sheffield), 5s.; Miss Reid (Dundee), 5s.; A Grateful Reader (Ealing), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. Barnes (Swinton), 10s.; I. H. Hawkins, 2s. 6d.; Thankful (Royton), 2s. 6d.; James Coultrup (Wandsworth), 1s.; "?," 1s. 11d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Mrs. C. H. Jones (Selsdon); Grove (Somerset); Mary; Mrs. Sydney (Ealing); L. T. Ed.; M. W. (Oxford); "Rodden"; A. B. H. M. (Clevedon); Sympathy (Coventry); Mrs. L. Johnson (Denehurst); Y.; Mrs. Langden (Walthamstow).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

FOOTBALL comes in

NEARLY every youngster is a "league footballer" at heart and they like to put just as much dash into their play. Too much in fact sometimes, and the result is very often a fractured limb.

"Fractured his leg whilst playing football"—"John Bull" has dispatched many, many cheques to parents for an accident of this kind under its Great Free Insurance. Many more cheques

—and broken limbs follow

for children's accidents met with in playground, park and street have been paid this week. Are your youngsters covered by our free insurance? Have *you* signed the forms?

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS - £3.

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of a few only of those who have received cheques of £3 each on account of Children's Accidents.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. F. Elshaw, 36, Cobley Hill, Woodhouse.
BATH.—Mr. C. Wiltshire, 9, New Street, East Widcombe.
WEDNESBURY, STAFFS.—Mrs. N. Smith, 41, Cross Street.
DALSTON, E.8.—Mrs. D. E. Batchelor, 62, Malvern Road.
PONTEFRACT, YORKS.—Miss F. M. Jackson, 20, Love Lane Terr.
BRADFORD, YORKS.—Mr. J. Harey, 5, North Street Court.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. J. Napier, 41, Ferrars Road, Tinsley.
SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.12.—Mr. H. A. Cole, 301, Western Avenue.
MACCLESFIELD, CHESHIRE.—Mr. C. Whalley, Snow Hill Cottage, Snow Hill.
FELLING-ON-TYNE.—Mr. W. A. Nattrass, 1, Hewitson Terrace.
WOODBRIDGE.—Mr. C. Keen, Bridge Farm, Martlesham.
TOOTING, S.W.17.—Mr. W. H. Palmer, 28, Rogers Road.
HEANOR, NOTTS.—Mr. G. Latham, 35, Mansfield Road.
COVENTRY, WARWICKS.—Mrs. W. M. Kimber, 61, Gorton Road.
HANWELL, W.7.—Mr. W. Haggett, 59, Studley Grange Road.
CARLISLE.—Mrs. J. Twentyman, 38, Bedford Sq., Aspatria.
DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.—Mrs. E. Skillicorn, 33, Victoria Avenue.
BARNSLEY, YORKS. — Mr. J. Walker, 89, Fitzwilliam Street, Elsecar.
FROME, SOMERSET.—Mrs. A. Hunt, 3, York Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. Addis, 25/4, Pearl Street, Sharrow.
DYSART, FIFE.—Mr. O. Glauch, 13, East Port.
MANSFIELD, NOTTS.—Mr. J. T. Rowland, 31, Byron Street.
STAFFORD.—Mrs. J. W. Stacey, Woodseaves.
PAISLEY.—Mr. J. Burns, 11, Springbank Road.
BLACKRIDGE, N.B. Mrs. [illegible], 10, Craig Terrace.
MORRISTON, GLAM. Mr. H. Mc[illegible]ford, 21, Heol [illegible]
MERTHYR TYDFIL. Mr. D. [illegible], 51, Ernest Street.
TRANENT, EAST LOTHIAN. Mr. [illegible], Nelson, 4, Loch Terrace.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. [illegible], Pitt Street, Eckington.
CRIEFF, PERTHSHIRE. Mrs. [illegible] Johnston, 62, E. High Street.
GLASGOW.—Mr. J. Smith, White Street, Govan.
THORNHILL, DUMFRIES. Mr. [illegible] Elder, Woodhead Cottage, Enterkinfoot.
LLANELLY.—Mr. D. S. [illegible], Railway Terrace, Llandilo.
MOTHERWELL.—Mr. W. Watt, 2A, Mabel Street.
CORSTORPHINE, MIDLOTHIAN. Mr. Geo. Hutchinson, Meadowside Cottage.
SHIPLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. H. Pool, 28, Hirst Lane, Saltaire.

HOLIDAYS.—Readers are reminded that before leaving for their holidays they should instruct their newsagent to recommence the regular delivery of JOHN BULL *immediately on their return. They should also, in case of a claim arising, be prepared to show that they purchased* JOHN BULL *while away.*

Against Fire, Storm, Sickness, and Accident "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

'JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 6/9/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 6/9/30.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

"SPLENDID VALUE"

"It is with pleasure that I send this unsolicited testimonial. Your Pen has given me the greatest satisfaction. . . . I consider the gift of the Pencil most generous, as the Pen alone is splendid value."

Mrs. A. Mawson,
Yewville,
14, Queen's Avenue
Finchley, N.3.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ENORMOUS
BULLETS' FIRST and
£2,000
1,000 NEW 7/6 PRIZES
To 1,000 entrants we shall award a prize copy of the BULLETEER'S TREASURE BOOK ("Roget's Thesaurus" published by Longmans, Green & Co.) It contains 691 pages of valuable assistance to would-be winners, with a special introduction by the Competition Editor.
£34,835 CASH ALREADY WON IN 'BULLETS' THIS YEAR
SECOND PRIZE £100
10 of £5
25 of £1
THIRD PRIZE £50
10 of £2·10
1,000 of 2/6
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
There's money in this prize!
Start your autumn campaign this week !!

YOUR PHRASE MAY BE YOUR FORTUNE

AUTUMN leaves will soon be falling—but see what a leaf is already falling from JOHN BULL's cheque-book! £2,000 is the staggering sum which may be yours for a few well-chosen words on one of the coupons adjoining.

In addition to many other cash prizes, ranging from £100 down to 2s. 6d., a big new feature has been introduced to the prize-list this week. To no fewer than 1,000 competitors we shall award a copy of *The "Bulleteer's Treasure Book*, a bulky prize volume which has no equal for assisting the would-be winner.

All you are asked to do is to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* on this page.

As a guide, suppose you choose the *Example* FERTILE IMAGINATION, the addition of the words SOMETIMES PRODUCES "PRISON CROP" would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Study the successful *Bullets* below before you grasp the £2,000 opportunity, and follow these entrants into the prize-list.

1,000 GUINEAS WINNER—"BULLETS" No. 770

Mrs. Henderson, 3, Bowhill Terrace, Edinburgh.
Example:—BLIGHTED HIS LIFE
Bullet:—"HERE'S TO——" HER'S, TOO.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. E. A. Fryer, 114, Argyll Avenue, Luton.
Example:—Beaverbrook and Rothermere
Bullet:—"Scratching" Backs — "Irritating" Public.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. Sutherland, 51, Helmscroft Street, Greenock, N.B.
Example:—Pulling The Trigger
Bullet:—Made "Hole" World's In.

10 PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

Mrs. C. ASPIN, 49, Winston Rd., Blackburn.
For A Week—Forget "Office"—Be "Boys."

J. A. BAIN, 68, Haugh Road, Inverness, N.B.
Let's Hope That—"Cloth" Mends "Torn" World.

H. BRADLEY, No. 1 Blk., 166, Vicarage Road, Aston, Birmingham.
He Signed The Pledge, But — Popularity "Took A Drop."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

T. R. BROWN, 49, Stenhouse Crescent, Edinburgh.
Public Property—"Commons" Where "Parties Ramble."

E. JENKINS, Organist, Parish Church, Abercynon.
Flight Of Imagination—"Joy" Old "Stick" Misses.

C. LAWS, 6, Favonia St., Bromley-by-Bow, E.
Flight Of Imagination—Sufficient Unto The *Day*dreamer.

H. LAZENBY, 19a, The Grove, Bournemouth.
Never Worries — About Rights, "Mrs. Right."

E. SAXTON, 6, Thurman Yard, Thurman Street, Notts.
Time, The Enemy—Attack By "Retiring Early."

F. SMITH, 2, Britannia Place, Armley.
Humiliating — "Slight," Because Means "Slender."

T. STEERS, Bryan Road, Elland, Yorks.
End Of The Slump—Visitor Arrived In Village!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. H. R. BELL, 2, Buckingham Street, Glasgow.
Beaverbrook And Rothermere — Playing Trumps—Or Trumpets?

G. D. DEWAR, 2066, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
Above Us—Church's "Pillars"—Not Roof.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon).

F. G. FRY, 59, Sterndale Road, West Kensington, W.
Sunny Days—Worries Fly—Flies Worry.

Mrs. F. GOLLMER, "Sandora," St. Peter's Road, Broadstairs.
Time—The Enemy—"Creeper" Removing Her "Roses."

Mrs. A. LEACH, 3, Clare Road, Cleckheaton.
Humiliating—Twirling Removed Detective's Moustache.

J. PEDLAR, 9, Fernleigh, Nanpean, St. Austell, Cornwall.
Talking Business—Cultivate Brevity—Avoid Shortness.

Miss F. PERRY, 170, Middleton Hall Road, King's Norton.
Bombshell For Parliament—Then "Cobwebs" Poor "Armour."

G. W. ROBINSON, 2, Oakland Terrace, Ashington.
Stick To The Truth And—Errors Lose Their Terrors.

J. W. ROSS, 4, Raeberry Street, Glasgow.
Much Simpler—Farming, When Farmhands Were.

S. WHITE, 1, Byeway, Wealdstone, Middlesex.
He Signed The Pledge, But—If Beer Improves, Well——.

A list of 30 £2 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

(Not to be used for present contest.)
Examples for "Bullets" No. 773.
Man With A Job—Another Baby—Too Good To Last—Puzzling—Young Villain—Stopping The Runaway—In Smooth Water—At The Last Minute—Caused A Bump—When The Time Comes—Flow of Language—Refreshing His Memory—Team Spirit Does The Trick—A Milestone—If She Wants To—All Up—Shirking—A Tall Order—If Sport Were Abolished—Ever Open Door—Staggers Me—Happy Days—In A Frenzy—Rotten—His Address—Blown Up—Boldly—What We Find—Hopes—Like A Statue—Made Grandpa Laugh.
(Closing Saturday, September 27th.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 774

TAMING THE TIGER	IN INDIA	BIG
FERTILE IMAGINATION	SHE'S WONDERFUL, BUT	RUN OF LUCK
MAKES WORRIES FLY	WHAT IT'S COMING TO	HIS PUNISHMENT
MAKING A MESS OF IT	BREAKING DOWN	CHARIOT OF PROGRESS
TALKIE STAR	SOOTHING	IN LIFE
MIGHTY SORRY	SCIENTIFIC WARFARE	HE'S DEAD NOW, SO
SCENE OF DESOLATION	AWAY	SPENDING
OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT	LIKE GRANDMA	IN DESPAIR
NARROW-MINDED	GROWING UP	SPOILT
LIFE'S A HOLIDAY IF	BRUTE FORCE	COOKING THE ACCOUNTS
HELPING HER	WITH AN EFFORT	MOVING MOUNTAINS
ANGEL IN DISGUISE	EVERYTHING	I PREFER
AMONG THIEVES	CONVENTION DEMANDS	TEST OF SKILL
SPORTING SPIRIT		

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 20
Bullet _____
(774) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 23
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(774) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 20
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(774) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 23
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(774) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

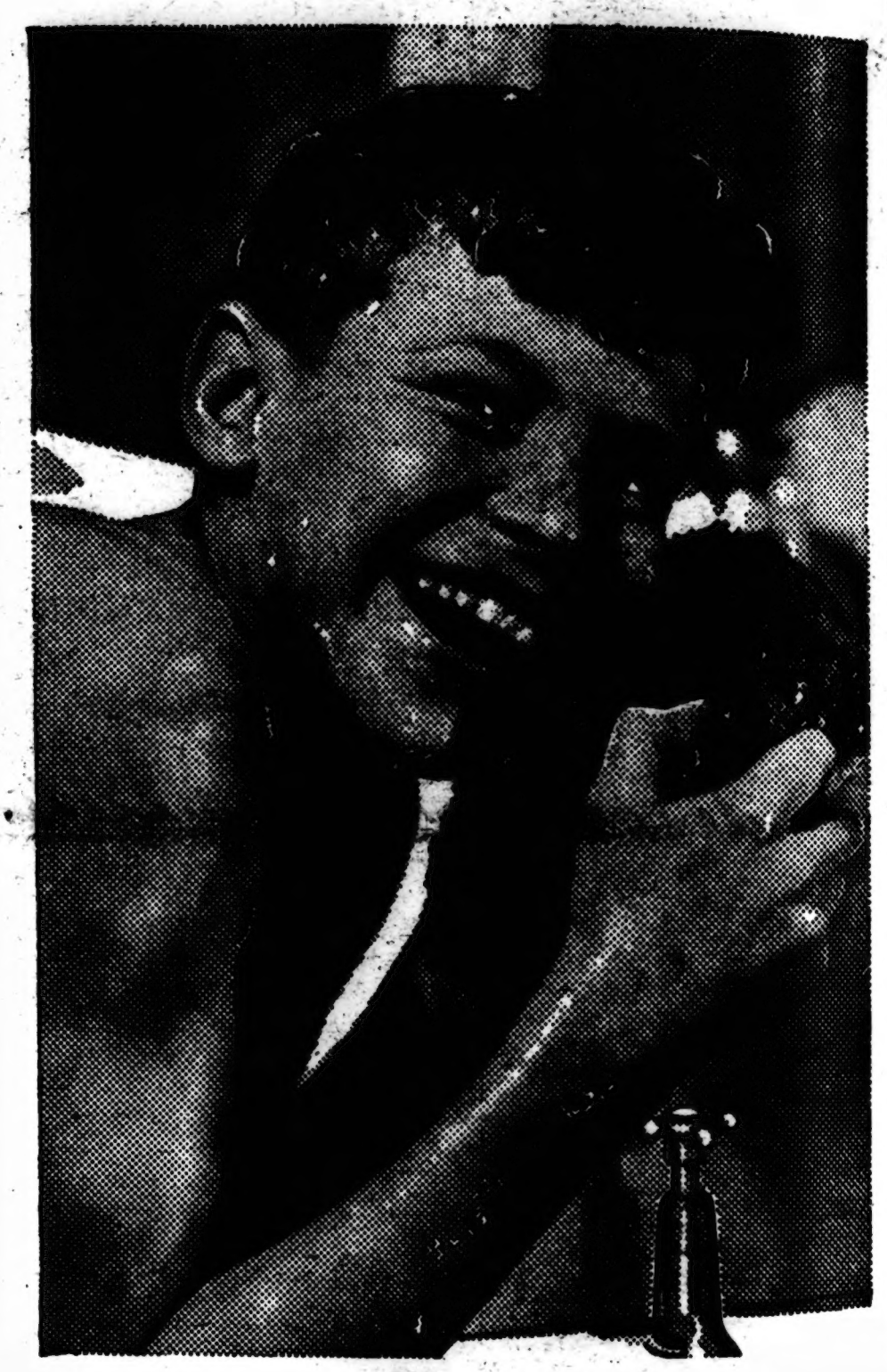
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 774, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Or, better still, make sure of the next 12 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press, Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Prizes in Competition No. 774 have purchased "John Bull."

His Mother always told him "Believe in yourself, son, then other folk will too"



YOU know the type of boy quite well. Meet him everywhere. Bright, alert, keen-eyed, straight for his goal he goes. "Bound to get on," you say.

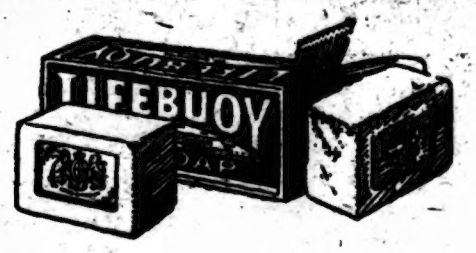
And it's all because of something his mother used to tell him, and something she used to teach him. "Believe in yourself, son, and then other folk will too." She taught him the way. Taught him to take a sensible pride in himself. Taught him the secret of the Lifebuoy Habit. Self-respect quickly followed. He began to believe in himself. The battle was won!

You, Mother, do as thousands of other mothers have done. Teach them the Lifebuoy Habit. To run off and have a Lifebuoy wash as soon as they come in from school or play. They'll soon learn to look forward to that rare bubbly freshness, that 'real man's' smell. Within a month they will be doing it not because they are told to, but because they would feel uncomfortable if they didn't. *Then watch the change.*

And remember, too, that Lifebuoy is the finest safeguard against the danger of chance infection. It is more than a good soap—it's a good habit.

The LIFEBUOY HABIT

.. for health and character



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